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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1674 FEB. 20, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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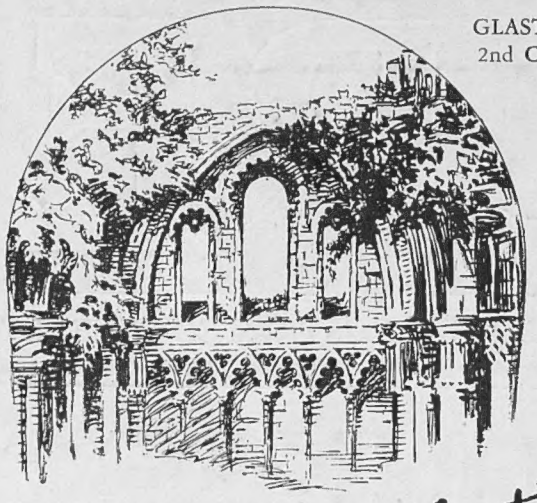

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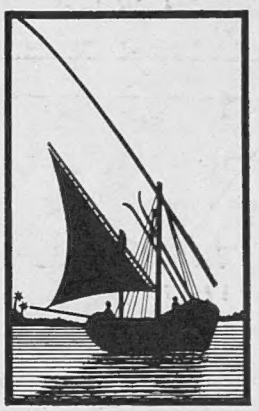

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That alone would be worth the journey, but passengers by the 20,000 ton Orient Liner "Otranto" sailing 12th March will see North Africa, Egypt, Rhodes, Constantinople and Athens too.

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THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, February 20, 1932

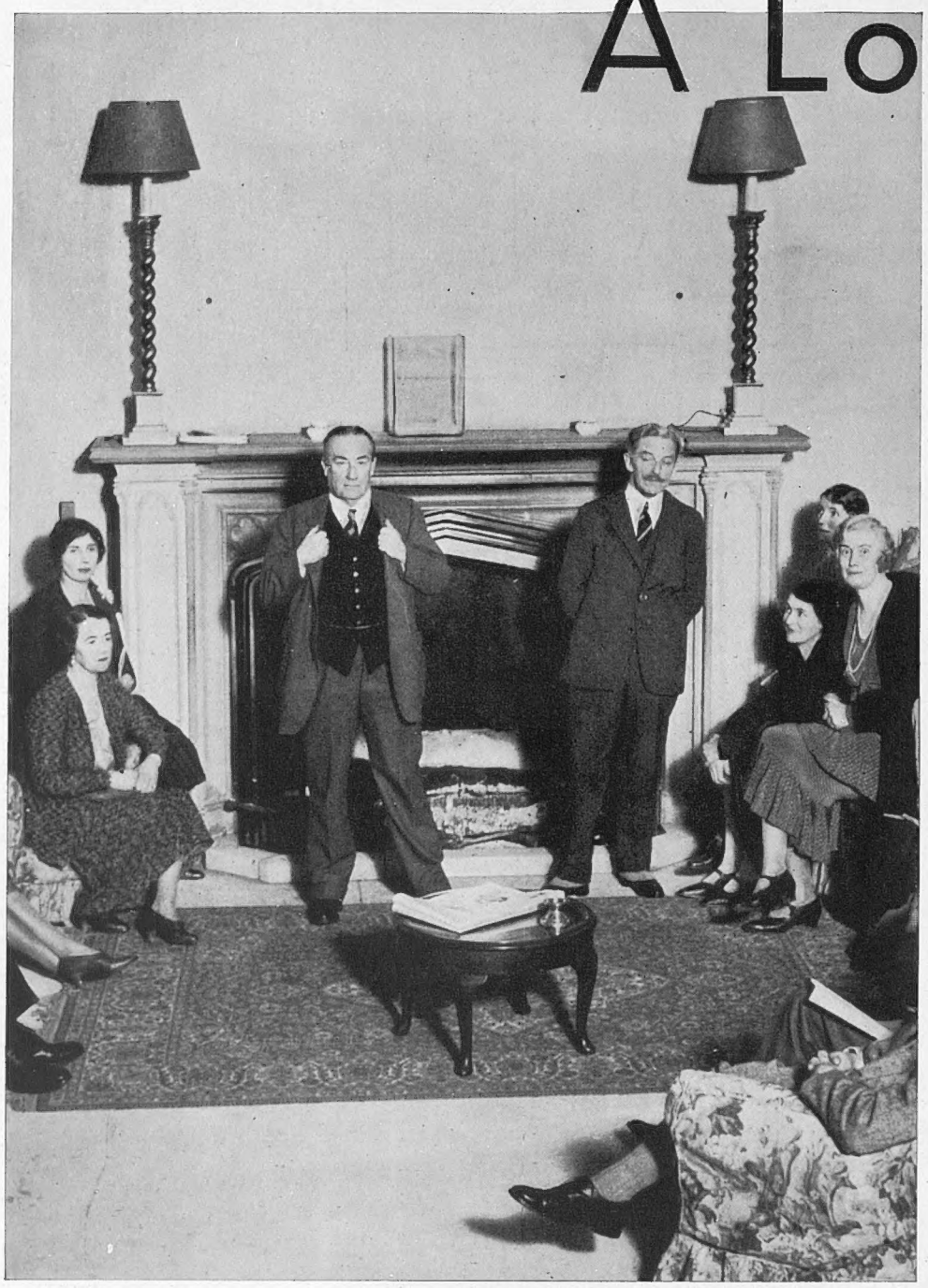
THE QUEEN INSPIRES A BRITISH TRADE

H.M. at the Silk Exhibition Organized at No. 11 Downing Street, by Mrs. Baldwin

An immense inspiration was given to the mercers of Britain by the Queen this week when she visited an exhibition of all-British silks arranged at No 11 Downing Street, by Mrs. Baldwin, to demonstrate the fact that the national products were the equal of any foreign goods, and expressed herself as delighted with the beautiful fabrics on view. Among the novelties to be seen were a new material—a blend of Satin and Georgette named "Crêpe Princesse" after the Empire's darling. It is very typical of our Royal Family and our public folk that such a visit should be organized by so exalted a commoner as Mrs. Baldwin and receive notice from the Queen. Her Majesty, as always, looked the picture of regal dignity. Subsequently a royal visit was paid to the Headquarters of the English Speaking Union

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New



MR. BALDWIN RECEIVES the new Conservative Members of Parliament at the Bonar Law College, Ashridge Park, near Tring, whither they were bidden to make personal contact with their leader. The function of the College is to act as a "Chequers" for the rank and file of the party, and to provide a school for new members and prospective members to learn speaking, procedure, and such obscure facts as may be necessary to them in their public life

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 17, 1932.

ONE INCH FORWARD.

—One hardly dares to hope in this dark hour. Yet a faintest glimmer of light must not pass unnoticed. The nations have made proposals for disarmament before, but it is fair to say that the latest made were made more seriously, were more concrete in terms, and were less hedged about with stultifying conditions. And among them there is common ground on which immediate work can proceed in co-operation. The huge imponderable has been stirred a handbreadth. And something far more significant, if of no immediate force, is to be noted. The workers of civilization have raised their voices with some show of unity against the outrage of war, and have even specified the means by which they will combat such madness. Another gleam of hope lies in the conclusion between France and England of some rough agreement as to procedure on the question of Reparations, if not of War Debts. It is not much, but it is something. It shows that Europe cannot for ever hold its hand while the initiative withers in the agitated fingers of America. And certainly up to and beyond June next America is likely to have her hands full. Her long-threatened and long-foreseen economic crisis seems to be at last revealed to Americans of every class and in every State in its true and terrible aspect.

A SENSE OF SECURITY.

—The lessons of the past are never remembered, least of all in politics. The humiliation of Mr. Baldwin's surprise defeat by the Socialists when that great majority melted away like snow in a night was largely due to a sense of easy security. And now the Government Party is beginning to show those same distressing signs of fatty degeneration, forgetting that from the day on which a new Cabinet is formed the tide of reaction begins to run against the party in power. The Unionists of South Croydon were in no doubt as to the issue of their by-election, and less than half of those who voted last year turned up to poll; 21,000 and more absented themselves. But of the Labour Party, of the 9,950 who voted last year only 760 failed to carry out the citizen's responsibility. In a word, the National majority in South Croydon has been knocked down by 21,000 votes in a few months. It is a lesson from South Croydon to England.

IRELAND'S FATE.

— Two days more will settle the Free State's fate for another term. Will that once distressful nation throw overboard the one hope of her continued progress—Mr. Cosgrave—who stands for her preservation as a responsible unit of the Empire, with advantages in being and to be; and take in exchange the Fianna Fail party whose feckless policy of non-co-operation includes the whole world with the exception of Soviet Russia? If the value of Mr. Cosgrave to Ireland is best estimated outside the Free State, that fact does no credit to Irishmen's intelligence. His courage and that of his colleagues is the admiration of the outside world. He must go armed on his lawful occasions. He and his colleagues and the judges even are every day in momentary expectation of attack. But his courage never fails, his constructive schemes go steadily forward and he has the stoutness of heart, which no other head of Government can boast, to govern with a strong hand. Cursed with an irresponsible and lawless element, he treats his people as no British Premier has had the courage to do for a century. He is setting to the Empire an example of sound government which makes of first importance to the Empire, as to Ireland, the continuance of his policy.

AND STILL THEY SPEED.

— One of the things which above all brought Government into contempt in this country (and doubtless was a prime cause of the Labour debacle in 1931—for are we not always hoping for better things?) is the present failure of the administration to enforce the laws they make. Mr. Ashley, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Pybus have passed into law measures to control the speed of heavy motor vehicles. Those laws continue to be widely disregarded. It is still as difficult as ever to pass the motor coaches which speed at 45 m.p.h. along the Portsmouth Road; yet whenever a complaint is made to authority that even published time schedules are still manifestly flouting the speed laws, the Transport Ministry merely shifts the responsibility on to the Home Office and the police. It is outrageous that the department responsible for a law should have so little power or inclination to see it enforced. Nothing does more harm to the majesty of the law of this land and to the departments concerned. The law-breaker despises its authority and the law-abiding loses his faith. In particular, the public has learned to glance with a cynical smile at the expensively printed and exhaustively discussed code books of the road which, announced with a flourish of trumpets, speedily become dead letters.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

—I never pass Marlborough House without making plans for its utilization. Essentially, of course, it is the Royal Dower House in the capital, but for that purpose it is reasonable to hope it will not be required for decades. When it was elaborately redecorated a few years ago, it was generally expected that the Prince of Wales would move in on completion. He, himself, had never the smallest desire to move from his convenient quarters in St. James's Palace and his choice of his own personal rooms in Marlborough House showed how small an interest he took in the subject. For he light-heartedly selected two or three humble, ill-lighted rooms, facing north and west, leaving the glorious sun-lit south front rooms severely alone. It was equally clear that the Duke and Duchess of York could never have afforded to live in the great house even after the completion of the few labour-saving reforms possible. In part, at any rate, the redecoration was carried through because it was vitally necessary to keep the house in reasonable preservation. At the moment, Marlborough's palace is used to house the royal cars and a further concession has been granted to the Marlborough Club for a parking ground for cars.

. . . .

It grows on me what an opportunity the newly decorated house would offer for the staging of those great charity art shows with which Sir Philip Sassoon has so successfully identified himself. Even now the public, if assured of seeing living notables and fashionables among the treasures and curiosities of the past, think nothing of spending 10s. for a crowded hour of glorious life. Marlborough House might easily be used thrice every year for a loan exhibition in aid of charity and could earn an annual income for charity of thousands of pounds. Let me offer a suggestion from THE SPHERE. Let the scheme I propose open this summer or next winter with a great and glorious loan exhibition entitled *The Age of Anne*. Though I say it as shouldn't, it is not a bad idea. Marlborough House has had exhibitions before now, art exhibitions and less high-brow shows. I hate to see waste.

A GRACEFUL GESTURE.

—You cannot dictate to an American citizen; you must not put a pistol to the head of the Ambassador of a friendly power. I can only throw out a hint to Mr. Mellon. Mr. Mellon is very rich, rich enough to be described as one of the half-dozen richest men who are not ruling princes. Probably it is untrue, but rich he is. Immensely rich. And he owns, besides acres of the business quarters of populous cities, some of the best known pictures in the world. Especially dear to England is Gainsborough's Duchess of Devonshire, whose history has been as chequered as that of its subject. It would be a compliment to us if Mr. Mellon, during his sojourn in London, installed the Duchess in his London house. We cannot now offer him the appropriate Devonshire House for an Embassy and gallery. His predecessor's choice of Dorchester House is also excluded. But there remain Crewe and Sunderland Houses, and for that matter, Chesterfield House, and, if my aforementioned bright idea does not materialize, there is Marlborough House lying empty. It would be a gracious act of Royalty to offer it to him, an act which would benefit the great house.

SIR FRANCIS LINDLEY.

—Our Minister in Japan has been having a hectic time of late. Sir Francis Lindley has had a wide range of experience in Europe, and a little in Russia and the Balkans, which until he went to Japan represented his farthest East. He was first "on his own" in 1918 when he went to Russia as Commissioner and Consul-General, did the same job in Austria in 1919, later becoming Minister there; he was in Greece in '21, and moved then to Norway where, considering his roving career, he began to regard himself a permanency, and indeed the Royal House in Norway were loth to part from him and his charming family. But after six years he was transferred to Portugal, and was hardly installed in the sunshine there when he was ordered to Japan. It seemed as if the authorities were quite ashamed of having allowed a little moss to grow on him in happy Norway, where history is not often made. Sir Francis will grow no moss in Tokio. He married a sister of Lord Lovat.

EDGAR WALLACE.

—Edgar Wallace was a British Institution. He was the Henry Ford of fiction. He supplied an urgent post-War need. The public cried out for excitement and distraction in its fiction, for thrills without frills, and action without descriptive or moralizing interludes; for non-stop action and non-stop thrills. And almost alone Wallace was equal to the demand. He was a non-stop machine of mass-produced crime fiction. He found his niche and made his name (but not a fortune) with *The Four Just Men*, and followed it up with 150 thrillers of the same kind. He dictated to skilled shorthand writers, walking up and down fingering a yard long cigarette holder, and the source of inspiration never dried up. Oddly enough (considering his origins) his style was infinitely superior to the average style of crime

sletter

fiction and the work of more expensively educated writers. He appealed to the scholar, the statesman, and the masses. Mr. Balfour took a dose of Edgar Wallace habitually; Bishop Gore enjoyed him; as did thousands of educated men who deplore sensational journalism. The explanation is simple. Style is nothing but knowledge of your subject, and Wallace knew his subject and stuck to his last unswervingly. He was natural and unaffected, had nothing to hide, was not ashamed of his small beginnings, and rejoiced in his success. No writer ever so monopolized the bookstalls as he, and he will have no rival in his own line.

GAS COMPANIES AND COKE.—I read with interest the speeches of the chairmen of the great gas companies last week, having always wished them well in their sometimes unequal struggle with their rivals, the State-encouraged electrical concerns. But I confess that lately my support has weakened. For in the matter of coke, at least in my own area, local gas companies are "holding up" the public unwarrantably. The big Metropolitan gas companies have stressed the continued demand for coke for water-heating and it seems clear that certain companies are exploiting that urgent need. Here in my part of Surrey it is impossible to secure delivery within a two-mile radius of ten tons of coke at a price lower than 41s. 6d. per ton—an outrageous charge. The coal merchants deplore it and admit the existence of a "ring" among the suppliers, but if they vary the price they are at once penalized by the gas companies and refused supplies. It is a case for action by higher authority.

SMALL MERCIES.—There was a very attractive little item in the last submitted report of a local branch of the C.P.R.E. The ranger of a track of common in the Milford area reported that a robin nested on his territory and just about Christmas hatched out and has reared with 100 per cent. success a large family of robins. At the time of writing this pleasant phenomenon could be observed by anyone interested. The kindness of the weather ever since Autumn made it possible. The best is doubtless over for a while and we are paying the price, but let us remember—those of us at least who live in favoured parts of the country—the incredible gentleness with which the dark days of Autumn and Winter slipped by. If we feel like a grouse, let us remember the week of February 1–8 which afforded no fewer than five days of hot sun and clear blue sky (six hours sunshine per day). Let us set against any present discontents the blessing of perpetually flowering veronica, constant golden gorse, crocuses before the snowdrops, primroses in January (not to mention strawberries and raspberries in December). Even fog-bound London could peer through the gloom in the first week of February at almond blossom in full bloom and beauty in its square gardens. Never in my recollection have the long, dark months caused so little despondency and discomfort. Nature has been kinder than man.

A BIRD TABLE.—But Winter came at last, last week, and pleased no one but warm-blooded infants to whom snow is a new delight and keen Northeasters a stimulating tonic. To none does a real cold snap bring more anxiety than to motorists, who must be forever emptying and filling water jackets and taking their lives in their hands on the road. The householder fears for his water-pipes and the gardener for his precocious bulbs. As for the birds, lulled to a false security of coming Spring, it is torture to them. It is a humane duty to keep a bird table supplied. From my window as I write I have seen in a morning a flock of goldfinches, two pairs of nuthatches, half-a-dozen bullfinches finishing off the prunus buds, five kinds of tit, a cross-bill, gulls, woodpeckers, wagtails, and all the commonest varieties, and the menu supplied them includes cocoanut, monkey nuts, hazel nuts, lard, fat, herring bones, bread, porridge and water. For ever the naturalist is at war with the gardener. The tracks in the snow are interesting, too. It is a great chance for the rabbit snarer. Yesterday I followed the track of a fox across my orchard, clearly noting the point where he laid up. The track of my (late lamented) cock pheasant coming from the farther side of the hedge met Reynard's track at this fatal spot. A feathery shell marked the scene of a woodland tragedy. Bang go the prospects of next season's home covert shoot!

THE OLD STAGER.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY!: So severe have the snowfalls been in the North during our belated winter that drifts 4 ft. deep are by no means uncommon. Transport difficulties became apparent on the Yorkshire moors especially, and at Garrowby a road had to be dug through the snow

SNOW IMPEDES THE LONDON TRAFFIC: Although no drifts formed in the metropolis owing both to the constant passing and re-passing of vehicles of all kinds and to the comparatively insignificant snowfall we have experienced—wherein London differs from New York, where the snow is banked feet deep on both sides of every street—there was a distinct slowing up of transport during and immediately after the fall owing to greasy roads. This view shows Ludgate Circus in a robe of black-stained white

ALPINE SPORT IN SURREY: A scene on the "Nursery Slopes" at the Charringtons, Oxted. The youth of the district, cut off economically and patriotically from the usual winter visit to Switzerland, arrayed itself in ski-ing kit and braved the Surrey hills in their thin coating of unaccustomed snow

HOME NEWS

NOT THE KU-KLUX-KLAN but the mounted police of Birmingham, who are being taught to ride blindfold. The masks have no eye-holes at all. The London police force is likely to be augmented by an additional force of mounted constables

GOLD FOR NOTES AND NOTES FOR GOLD: The sale of the precious metal has been recommended as a patriotic move; and as a gold sovereign is worth nearly thirty shillings, patriotism and self-interest go hand in hand

THE PROCESSION OF THE AGES: The "syncopated mannequins" at Ciro's—some of the team of sixteen who for four days last week provided a novel entertainment at the famous dinner club—a musical dress parade. The dresses were by a distinguished London house, the impresario Mr. Philip Moss Vernon

THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP: Mr. J. Shand's *Ben Tinto*, who defeated *Get Off*, decorated with the blue riband by the little daughter of the trainer, Mr. Bob Wright, who has trained three winners of the canine classic

A RIOT IN ISLINGTON was precipitated when some fifty unemployed paraded in front of the Town Clerk's Office to ask for work in clearing away the snow after the fall a few days ago. Informed that there was no work for them, an acute situation developed, which, however, was tactfully handled

SILVER FOR SALE: A sale of the effects of the Junior Athenæum Club, which was closed recently, is scheduled for next week. As we go to press, the silver is on exhibition for sale to members who may desire to purchase a memento of the institution

CHINA BOUND: Details from various units entrained for Southampton, where they embarked on board the *Neuralia*, enjoy a snack at Waterloo

FOREIGN NEWS

A CITY ALMOST DEMOLISHED: Three quarters of Santiago, Cuba, was wrecked a few days ago by an earthquake, one result of which is seen above. Despite the wholesale destruction to property and buildings of all kinds, the roll of fatalities numbered only twelve names, and the total tale of injured amounted to no more than a couple of hundred

THE "CHRISTIAN" GENERAL: Marshal Feng Yu-Hsiang (who changes his religion with his interest but never alters his cruelty of character) is the standard bearer of the Chinese Nationalists and is seen above at Tientsin

MUSSOLINI VISITS THE POPE: The impressive scene in the Piazza di San Pietro when for the first time Il Duce was received—on the third anniversary of the signing of the Lateran Treaty—by Pope Pius XI. The Pope was robed in white; Mussolini wore court dress. The genuflexion always paid to the Pope was especially waived in favour of the Dictator

TEAR GAS SCATTERS A RIOT: Some of the 5,000 demonstrators and spectators at the Communist cum-unemployed procession at Maceesport, Pennsylvania, which had to be broken up by the police by violence

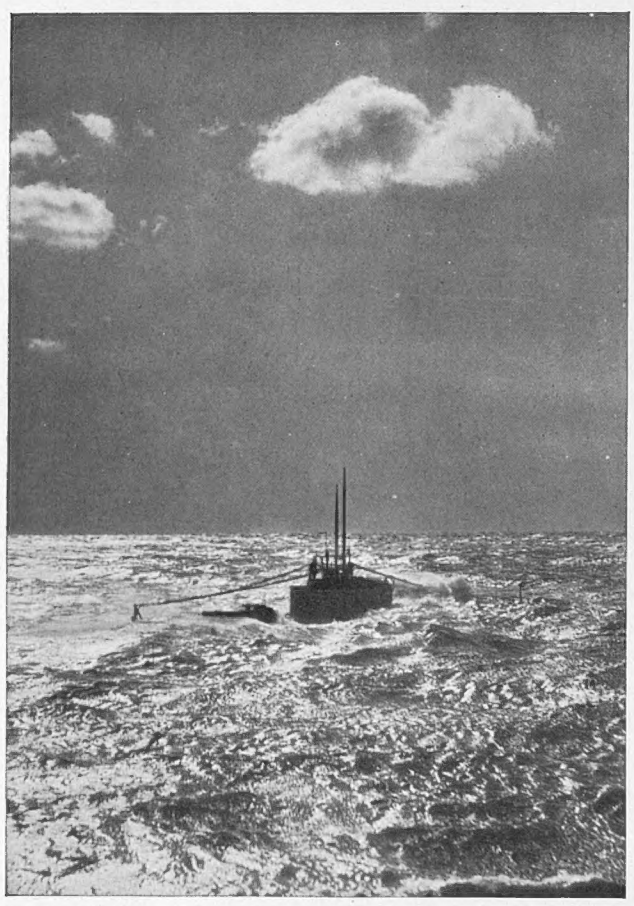
SKATING ON THIN ICE: Public skating was permitted at Versailles, after the cold snap that hit all Western Europe last week; but the authorities were too sanguine as to the strength of the ice. Seven skaters narrowly escaped drowning when the ice fractured—due to the huge crowd of enthusiasts who thronged it. The rescue work, a cold sloppy business, is here seen in progress

8,000 UNEMPLOYED PARADE behind Communist leaders and the Red Flag through the streets of New York from Union Square to the City Hall, demanding free rent, gas, food, electricity and insurance

UNDER-SEA WARFARE:

A Disarmament Problem of Geneva which and Italy; the Present Predominance of

FRANK



BREAKING SURFACE: *The question of the abolition of the submarine was introduced at Geneva, first by Great Britain, then the U.S.A. took up the same position, to be followed by Italy, for reasons upon which the author comments here*

In spite of American support, the plea of the British representatives at Geneva that the submarine should be abolished by International agreement is regarded by Service opinion as being foredoomed to disappointment with all but certainty, and even if it is limited, which is the most for which we can hope, the underwater warship will remain the great problem both for the naval experts and for those who are working for International disarmament. It is true that the view of the submarine's power and legality which is taken to-day is very different from that which was general in 1917, when the Germans had made the very utmost use of what was a novel weapon and when the naval authorities of the world were surprised into a degree of impotence. From then until the Armistice the efficiency of measures taken against the submarine increased steadily, and since the War they have made still greater progress, so that the submarine is no longer the bogey of every naval expert, but at the same time it is most unwise to treat its threat lightly, and it remains a very efficient instrument of war.

The British Navy and Merchant Service are always more liable to the attacks of the submarine than those of any other nation, and, on the other hand, the probable course of any war in which we may be engaged is likely to offer our submarines less opportunity than those of any conceivable opponent. But it is rather too much to expect the other powers to take our point of view, for they all place very great reliance upon it, and give it a prominent place in all their naval plans.

There are seven main functions of the submarine, but like all other naval types, especially when they are commanded by comparatively junior officers, it is always liable to find additional ones in the emergencies of war.

Firstly, there is its co-operation with the battle fleet, when its function is to attack the enemy heavy ships and destroy as many as possible, or failing that, to throw their line into confusion. Secondly, there is the duty of reconnaissance, which can be done remarkably efficiently by a submarine, and which was brought to a pitch of considerable perfection during the War by the British submarines on the Heligoland Diving Patrol, but which imposes a very severe strain on the dashing submarine officer who has to watch the enemy ships go past and consider the duty of reporting them only, without making a move to attack them. Thirdly, there is the harbour and coastal defence which has always been regarded as one of the primary duties of the submarine and which makes the old-fashioned close blockade impossible nowadays. Fourthly, there is the campaign against merchant ships which was inaugurated by the German U-Boats and which very nearly brought Britain to her knees. Anti-submarine operations are the fifth function, followed by offensive minelaying and coastal bombardment.

The gunning of troop trains, as started by D'Oyley Hughes, and the picking up of airmen spent after a raid, which was shown possible by the present Rear-Admiral Dunbar-Nasmith, are examples of the additional functions mentioned and cannot well be considered in a general survey of the subject although they are always liable to crop up in wartime.

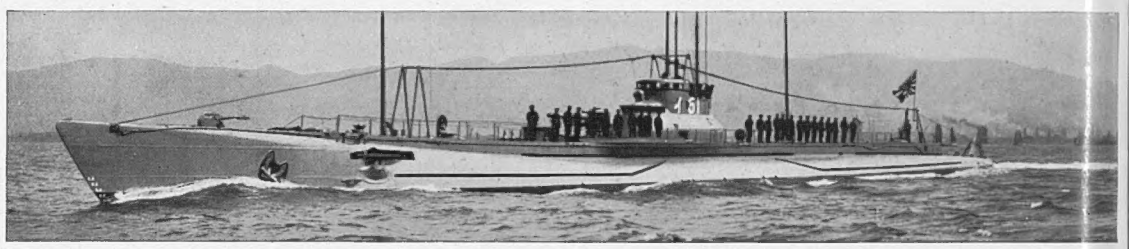
Carrying aircraft might be mentioned as only another sideline for the submarine, for although extensive experiments have been carried out in the French, Japanese, American, and British Navies—with most unhappy results in the case of the *M 2*—it is of very doubtful utility and the great majority of naval officers are not all in favour of it, for they fully appreciate all the difficulties and fail to see where the advantages are to be obtained except on paper.

Do these functions justify a demand that under-sea warships should be totally abolished, regarding the question from the view-point of all nations? In most of them the use of the submarine is strictly legal, and it is possible to sustain an argument against its maintenance if any power insists on its advantages, as nearly all the naval powers are doing most energetically. But there are very valid objections to its use against merchant ships, in which it is physically impossible always to observe the dictates of humanity or even the laws of war, offensive mine-laying which is bound to be blind in the selection of its victims, and coastal bombardment which is morally certain to be against open places as the armament of the submarine is bound to be limited, and no naval power would risk using her against fortified areas. At the Washington Disarmament Conference the official Japanese view was that the submarine was no more cruel than any other weapon used against warships, but that it should not be used against merchantmen in any circumstances whatsoever.

This diversity of service naturally produces diverse types, and the genuine general service submarine which was once the ideal of the naval architect is now completely out of date. The ingredients of gun and torpedo armament, speed on the surface, and submerged, endurance, and habitability in varying proportions have to be considered for each purpose, and all have their influence on size with the result that the tendency of most types is to get bigger and bigger, which is most undesirable in many ways.

The action of the American representatives in coming in alongside the British for the total abolition of the submarine, came as a very gratifying surprise and is regarded as a very real indication of the good faith of the U.S. Government in working towards disarmament, for it is fully realized that their action will not receive the unanimous support of the public by any means and will subject the administration to a good deal of political criticism. The Americans have taken to the submarine very keenly indeed, as is natural when one considers the opportunity that the type gives to the young officer who forms such an important arm of the American navy; the historical interest in the fact that the pioneer submarines were tried by them in the War of American Independence and Civil War, their pride in knowing that in Holland, Lake and Hay, the Americans have possessed three of the most outstanding submarine designers in the world, and lastly, that the defensive possibilities of the submarine are particularly impressive to the layman who has time and again cut right across the plans of the U.S. Naval Staff during the last three wars in which they have been engaged, by using political influence to back his demand for local protection.

The American submarine fleet now consists of eighty-one built and seven either building or authorized. In addition, there are a number of older vessels which have not been actually broken up on account of the difficulty of finding purchasers, but which may be left out of any calculation as it is more than unlikely that they would ever be commissioned again, even in a war emergency. Until recently the Americans appreciated submarines for coast defence only, but now the tendency is to examine their possibilities for offensive and fleet use.



JAPAN: *The five biggest Japanese unaer-sea craft run to 2,500 tons with a speed of 17½ knots; she has no fewer than seventy-one built and building. The above ship is numbered* L 61

The most striking submarines in the U.S. Navy are the big "fleet" type which were originally given numbers beginning with the initial *V*, but which are now named after fishes, etc. They differ considerably in size, speed and general features, some of them being 2,215 tons, 18 knots, mounting one 4-inch gun, others 3,960 tons, 17 knots and two 6-inch guns, others again 4,080 tons, 14½ knots and two 6-inch guns in addition to 60 mines, and yet another type 2,500 tons, 15 knots and one 5-inch gun.

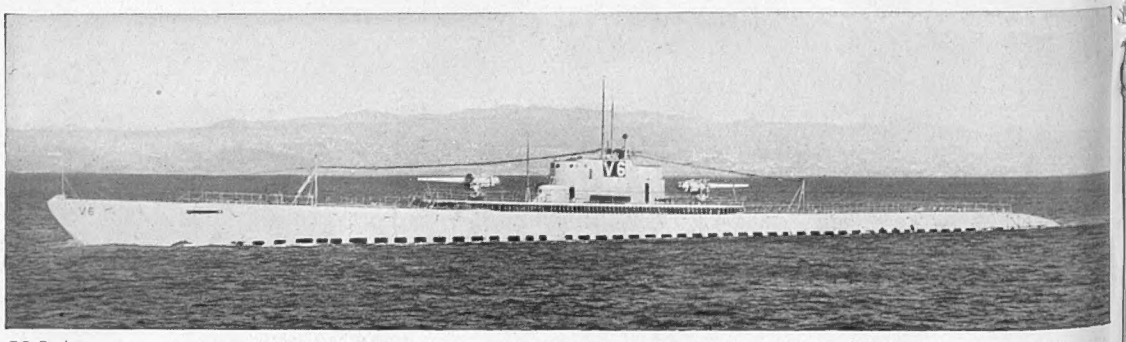
Backing these fleet submarines are no less than 46 units of the *S* type with varying details but running round about 1,100 tons, submerged with a speed of from 14 to 15 knots. As fleet submarines they have been officially condemned on observations made at manœuvres, but for various other purposes, particularly defensive, they are extremely useful vessels and they are probably the strongest submarines ever built to withstand the effects of depth charges. Behind them again there are twenty-nine submarines of war design and the discards already mentioned.

Japan has already stated her refusal to regard the use of the submarine against men-of-war as being against ethics, and wants to retain it as being the ideal defence for the waters among the numerous islands which make up her empire. A glance at the map explains this policy; the avenues of promising attack are limited and offer unusual opportunities for a submarine lying in wait for an enemy fleet. The result is that most Japanese submarines are designed to have a small radius of action and the displacement thus saved is put to other uses.

She has no fewer than seventy-one built and building, British, German, and American influence being blended in their design until the Japanese Admiralty has produced some very striking ships for the country's particular needs. The whole fleet is of post-War completion although sixteen of the oldest are of war design, and it includes twenty-four ships of over 2,000 tons and another thirty-three of between 1,000 and 2,000 tons, in each case submerged. The biggest ships are known as "fleet" submarines but, as in the U.S. Navy, that has come to be an indication of the size only and does not always indicate that their purpose is to work with the battle fleets. The five biggest Japanese submarines have a displacement of 2,500 tons each, their speed of 17½ knots being too slow for squadron purposes, but they possess many of 19 knots which are only slightly smaller.

Among the other Japanese submarines must be mentioned four of 1,750 tons each with a speed of 19 knots, designed as minelayers. They are among the most striking submarines in the world, and their possibilities of working right across the Pacific have not been lost upon American observers.

Italy's submarine fleet is divided into three classes according to size, each including the mine-layers, on which the Navy Department is particularly enthusiastic. A submarine's displacement is usually reckoned submerged, but the Italian Government



U.S.A.: *The U.S. Navy have some big "Fleet" submarines of varying tonnage, some running up to 4,080 tons. Altogether the U.S. Navy possesses eighty-one built and seven either building or authorized. The above is the* V 6 *otherwise known as the* Nautilus

SHALL IT CONTINUE?

s Sponsored by Great Britain, America, rance, and Other Matters, Discussed by

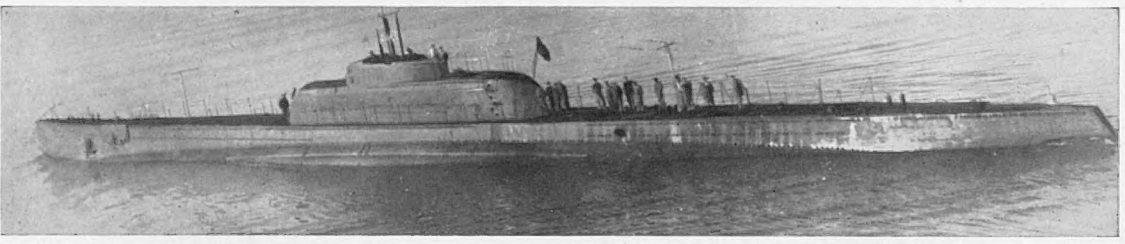
3 O W E N

takes it on the surface in reckoning that the ocean-going submarines have a displacement of over 1,000 tons (nine of them building and projected), the thirty sea-going submarines range from 650 to 1,000 tons, while the thirty-six coastal submarines are under 650. There are many more of the last-named class under consideration, and although the plan for their construction has not yet been accepted by the Italian Parliament, there is little doubt that it will be.

The designs of Italian submarines are very ingenious and generally very successful, for, like all their ships, they are designed for Italy's purposes only, and therefore contrive many more features on a small displacement than any other navy in the world. A few are big, running up to 1,900 tons displacement, and these are very specially designed to afford safety in diving, as that is generally the weak point of the super-submarine. The Italian fleet includes a number of ships built during or even before the War, but they still have their uses in the plans of the staff.

These plans are as elaborate as those of any other nation, and to ask Italy to abandon the submarines that have such an important place in them is to ask a great deal. They are relied upon very largely for coast defence, for converting the Adriatic into an Italian lake in war-time, and, should their adversary unhappily be France, for cutting the lane from North Africa, which is France's jugular vein, in the event of war.

A surprise, even greater than in the case of the United States, came when Italy agreed with Britain in the suppression of the type which she finds so very useful. But on more careful examination the support appears to be very limited indeed, and no more than a broad gesture. It is inseparably linked with the suppression of the capital ship, which Italy will be forced to build in answer to the 23,000-ton battle cruiser which France has just authorized, and the aircraft carrier which is an expensive type, of which Italy does not now possess a single unit, against France's 25,000-ton *Béarn* and 10,000-ton *Commandante Teste*. This linking takes all practical effect out of the plan and leaves it an inexpensive gesture only, not at all the same thing as America's declaration.



ITALY: *The Italian submarine fleet is well constructed for Italian purposes only. A few run up to 1,900 tons. Above is seen the* Fieramosca

But it is, of course, the French submarine fleet that is attracting most attention, just as it has done ever since the submarine was first a practical proposition. It now numbers 107, sixty-six complete and forty-one in various stages of construction from the paper to the fitting out. Of this large number all but twenty-four are of post-War construction, undoubtedly the finest submarine fleet in the world, and the mainstay of all the plans of the *Jeune École* on which French naval policy has relied almost entirely since the War. And only three of the twenty-four old ones are under the shadow of the axe.

France has been the greatest advocate of the submarine ever since its earliest days, and she has very plainly announced that she will not be moved from that attitude, stating as long ago as 1925 that she would assent to its abolition only when the control of the world's navies was handed over to the League of Nations. 'Formerly she was very keen on experiments, producing an infinite number of types ranging from one-man pygmies to be hoisted on shipboard to what were then regarded as giants driven by steam. Many were utter failures, but most contributed in some way to the progress made.

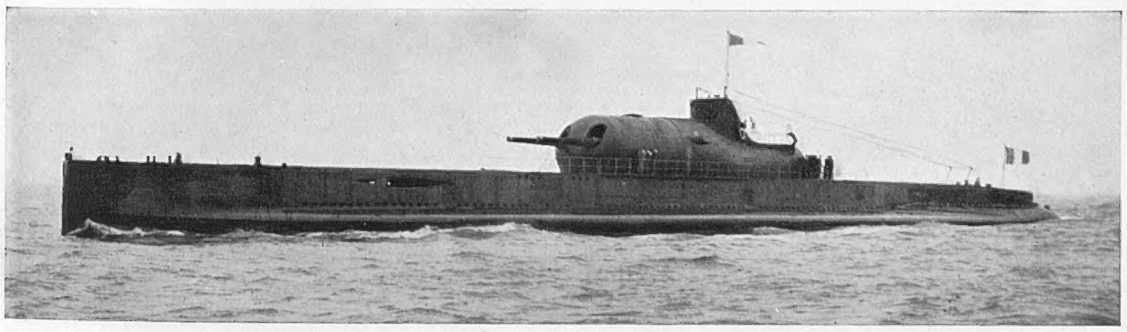
Of her present fleet, the most striking unit is the giant *Surcouf* of 4,300 tons submerged displacement, which goes to the limit of the Washington Treaty with regard to auxiliary craft by mounting two 8-inch guns in addition to her ten torpedo tubes. She has a speed of 18 knots on the surface, 10 under water, and a huge radius of action; she is, in fact, a cruiser with the power to submerge if necessary, and the pursuit of the cruiser *Emden*, which had no such power of submerging, in the early days of the War, shows how difficult she will be to corner if she is put on corsair work in the next struggle.

The original plan was to build two ships of the class, but financial considerations appear to have interfered, and she is backed up by the thirty-one remarkable ships of the *Redoubtable* class, having a submerged displacement of 2,080 tons and a surface speed of over 18 knots, which form the finest homogeneous submarine force in any fleet. The present policy of the French Admiralty is to send all new ships on a long cruise to make sure of their virtues, 4,000 miles at a stretch is demanded of them, and these submarines have proved themselves able to go practically anywhere; a transatlantic voyage is taken in their stride without the least difficulty. They have been a long time building, for they were originally authorized in 1924, and the first of the class was not launched until 1928, but, based on the most successful German war-time design, improved out of all recognition by French technicians, they have emerged as ships of which any navy can be proud and which were well worth waiting for. Habitable, particularly seaworthy on the surface and having very much better diving qualities than is usual with large submarines having a big margin of buoyancy, they form a force whose value cannot be overestimated, and they are backed by the nine units of the *Requin* class, 1,410 tons and 16 knots, which are also very fine ships.

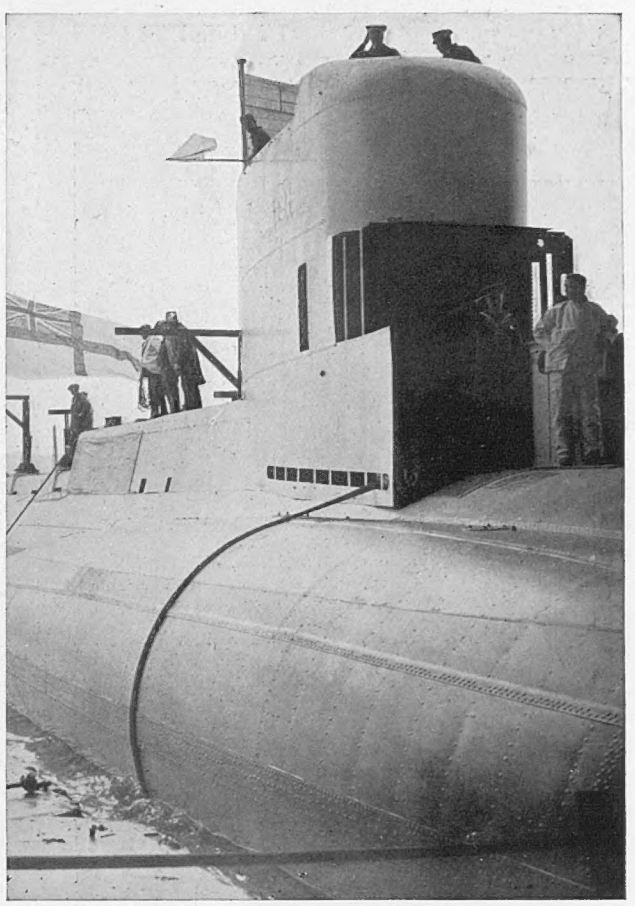
The French Navy also includes a large number of smaller submarines which are euphemistically described as coastal vessels, although they include twenty of the 809-ton *Diane* class and eleven of the *Sirène* type with various minor differences, averaging about 765 tons. Both of these types have a speed of 14 knots and they are both capable of undertaking very much more than coastal duties.

The older French submarines are now being sent to various points in France's Colonial Empire. Their purpose is partly propaganda and partly local defence, but it must not be forgotten that most of the points protected are very close to vulnerable trade routes.

This point is of particular importance, as the French, while they agreed to Part IV of the Treaty of London which applied the principles of International Law to submarines, prohibiting them from sinking merchantmen without warning, or due care of the safety of their crews, refused to agree to the suggestion made at Washington in 1922 to prohibit them being used against merchant ships at all. The then Captain Castex, when Professor of Naval Strategy to the Naval and War Staff, wrote in the semi-official *Revue Maritime*, "Germany had the right, for her cause, to put in action every means at her disposal and to demand of her submarine service that it should do the utmost harm to her enemy." Such an authority, in such an organ, cannot be given more weight than an ordinary writer voicing his opinion. Within the limits to which she has agreed, France appears determined to use her magnificent fleet against commerce as Germany did, and it must be remembered that when Germany began that terribly destructive campaign she had only twenty-two ships, whereas France would start with about five times that number and most of them better than the best that the Germans ever possessed. And they are not bottled in any way as the enemy in the Great War was by the outlets of North Sea and Adriatic.



FRANCE: *The French submarine fleet leads the world with 107, sixty-six complete and forty-one in various stages of construction. Her biggest is the* Surcouf, *shown above. This ugly monster is of 4,300 tons submerged displacement. She is really a submersible cruiser*



GREAT BRITAIN: *This country has only fifty-two submarines built and six under construction. The* Swordfish *(seen above) is one of our four post-War submarines. The largest British craft is the* X 1 *(3,600 tons and a speed of 19½ knots)*

The idea of the submarine has such a strong hold on the French imagination that it is safe to say that the public would never allow the Government to come to any agreement which involved their abolition; any serious limitation, even, would be a gesture that would stir up very bitter opposition in many quarters.

Against these formidable fleets the British Navy can put only fifty-two submarines built—thirty-one of them legacies of the War—and six under construction, while the annual replacement is three ships only, and will soon make our position ludicrous as far as this arm is concerned. If one is to take the life of a submarine as the thirteen years mentioned in the London Treaty, these replacement programmes are far too small, and mean that a very heavy burden is only deferred, unless by chance agreement is reached.

Of the giant craft we possess only one, the famous *X 1* which has a displacement of 3,600 tons, a speed of 19½ knots, and is armed with two 5·2-in. guns and six torpedo tubes. She cost over a million sterling, and is generally written down as an utter failure, for no effort has been made to duplicate her design, and she has been in reserve at Chatham for a considerable time.

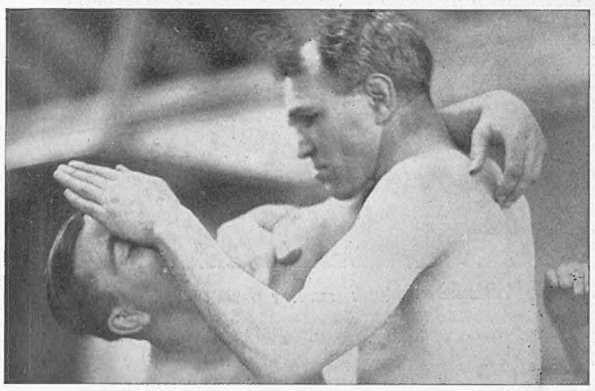
In the big class we have the *M 3*, 1,950 tons a sister to the ill-fated *M 2*, which is now used for experiments only, and whose fate is uncertain, backed by nineteen post-War ships. H.M.S. *Thames*, which is building, is about 2,200 tons, the four ships of the *R* class are 2,015, the five *P's* are 2,040, and the nine *O* submarines are 2,030. Details of the minelayer *Porpoise* under construction are still kept a very close secret. *Otherwise the only ships that we have started since the War are the four units of the* Swordfish *class which are now under construction, 640 tons apiece on the surface.*

Left over from the War there are sixteen ships of the *L* class out of seventy odd, and these are being broken up steadily, although they are excellent ships of about 1,150 tons, fourteen ships of the 500-ton *H* class which are also being scrapped, and one survivor of the earlier *R* class, which is used only for experimental and school purposes.

In some ways the support of the U.S. Delegation to the British suggestion is not as valuable as that of one of the smaller powers would have been. The submarine is universally admitted to be essentially the weapon of the weaker navies. Under the Washington Treaty, Britain and the United States are the world's two big navies; France, Japan, and Italy have definitely agreed to take the second rank. The answer to our suggestion is therefore that it might suit them excellently, but the other nations find the submarine essential.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

AT THE GARGOYLE CLUB: Mrs. David Tennant, Lord Queensberry, Lady Cynthia Mosley, and Mr. Michael Tennant, watch the new "All-in" wrestling



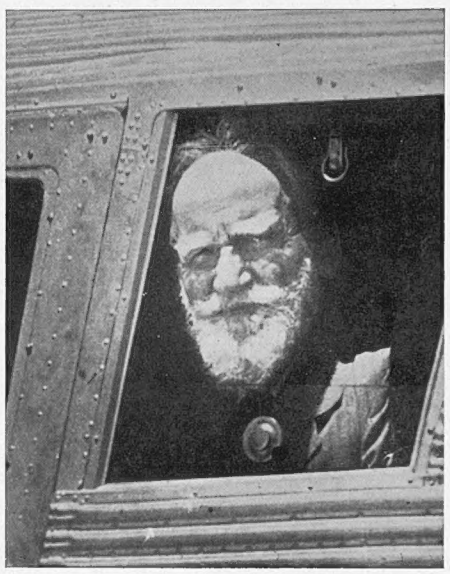
"ALL-IN" WRESTLING has now become the latest mode at a London night club where, despite its alleged brutality, it has proved a great success

IN AID OF THE IVORY CROSS: Lady Diana Wellesley, as St. Apollonia, with Misses Gillian and Annette Sheen at Lady Emsley Carr's At Home

THE KITCHEN DANCE is the latest type of entertainment. Amateur chefs serve sausages and mash and kippers. A moment at one such notable function appears above

A MORE SERIOUS NOTE

THE PREMIER SPEAKS: Mr. W. T. Cosgrave speaks during the Irish general election (in which casualties have been sustained)



ABOVE THEIR HEADS! G. B. S. fulfils literally a charge hurled at him by Philistia. A scene from Cape Town

EXPELLED FROM BOMBAY: Miss Slade, seen above, checking Gandhi's baggage, was given 24 hours to leave the city

GILDING THE LILY

EVERY MUSCLE EXERCISED AT ONCE: Miss Vesta Sylvia and Miss Muriel Montrose, who appear in *It's a Girl* at the Strand Theatre, exercise on the Gyro wheel

SUN-RAYS BRIGHTEN DARK DAYS for the employees of Messrs. Montague Burton's factory at Leeds, where sun-ray apparatus is made

MISS EUROPE: The winner of the international beauty contest (European zone) elected in Paris. It was Denmark's competitor (left) who bore away the palm

RAMADAN

THE SLEEP OF HUNGER: The doorways of the streets are filled with devout Muslims who fast, and do no work between sunrise and sunset. They are so depleted of food that they sleep the day away

THE PERCUSSION OF THE ORIENT: A masked drummer stirs the city to life as the sun goes down; and with his summons a feverish activity succeeds the inertia of the day

ORATORY: A fanatic addressing the multitude. Feasts by night succeed the daily fasts during Ramadan, the month-long celebration of Islam, and the feasts are enlivened by such declamations as this

AWAITING NIGHT TO AWAKE: A typical scene in any Muhammadan city during any day in the fast of Ramadan. There is no work, no feeding, and no drinking permitted in daylight

"ALLAH IS GREAT": The multitude bowed in prayer at the end of the great festival of Ramadan, the ninth month of the Muslim year. Smoking, bathing—even smelling perfumes is *tabu*; and one may not even swallow one's spittle according to the Islamic canon

SLEEPING ON HIS FAR-FROM-ARAB STEED: A chauffeur rigorously keeps Ramadan. The month of Ramadan (a variable ceremony as the Muslim months are lunar) commemorates the first revelation to Muhammad

IN DICKEN

There still Survives in Londo which is Redolent of the Day would Put the Spirit of the Dosse Back. Elizabethan is the Wor This Specially Illustrate

By FRANK

THE KITCHEN *serves as a living-room in a doss-house and use of it for cooking, feeding, and warming is permitted without extra charge. Each man usually has his own utensils*

DISCIPLINARIAN: *A woman attendant in a London doss-house standing in the midst of a double row of beds*

There is one institution that has not changed in England since the days of Dickens and that is the real, old-fashioned doss-house with its vast, almost mediæval, communal kitchen, the type that Jack London must have known in the days when he was in London's dockland. The Rowton Houses, which are similar to the Mills hotels of New York and the Salvation and Church Army hostels, are comparatively modern developments and no self-respecting "dosser" would be seen inside them. Too many rules, too much officialdom for him!

Your experienced knight of the road knows every "kip-shop" in the British Isles, but he is only a transient "dosser" who goes from town to town selling his wares according to the season. If on occasion he becomes a tramp, in the sense of being a vagrant, it is because he has met with a temporary set-back probably due to having drunk his stock money. But at least 60 per cent. of the "dossers" are permanent lodgers. They can cook their own meals, enforce their own code of rules, and live untrammelled by petty regulations.

Down in the East End—in Stepney—are to be found the real old doss-houses. Go down Brick Lane, that celebrated thoroughfare, and you can see for yourself. To these lodging-houses resort men who are in "small" jobs, decent fellows, and self-respecting by disliking any attempt to restrict their liberty. They have their own lockers, do their own marketing and washing, and occasionally have a little too much ale—but only occasionally.

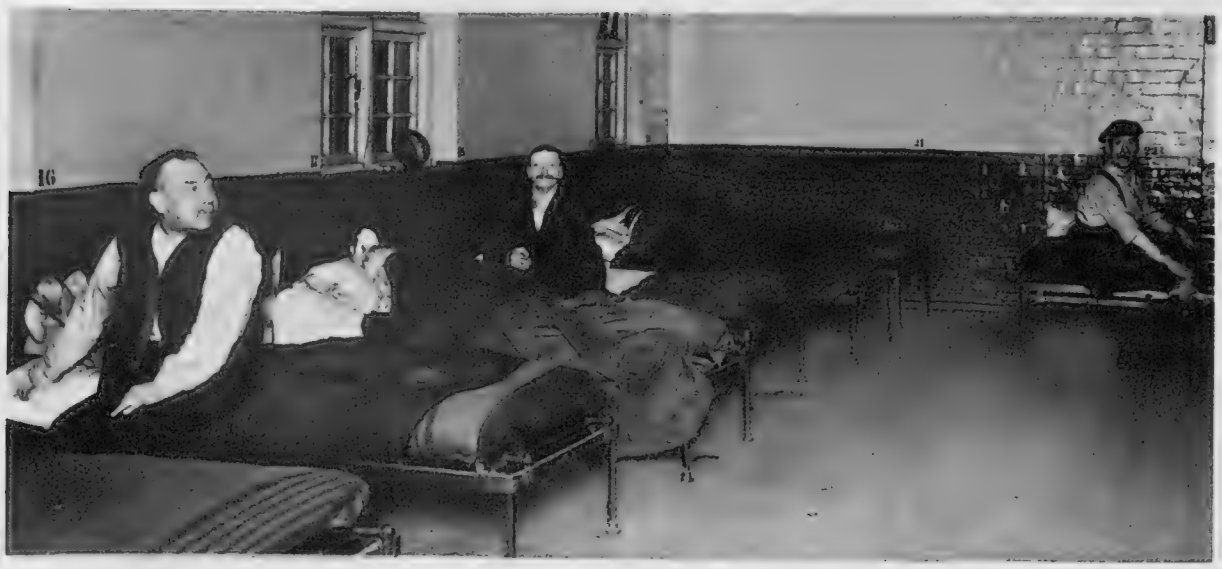
Some of these men are over seventy, and are still carrying on cheerfully. Then there are the old pensioners, grousing old fellows who spend the days inside the huge kitchen as near the fires as possible, talking scandal and back-biting their neighbours. Newspaper sellers and pedlars form another large division of the "dossers," cheerful chaps as a rule. Young men form a minor fraction. They usually follow a leader and group about him. They are generally employed in sweated tailoring or in small restaurants and cafés. Old sailors abound, and when you can get them to talk they can be very interesting, but they resent the impertinence and levity of the younger generation.

A fair percentage of "dossers" in London's East End are Irishmen who are temporarily out of employment, big navvies mostly. Next to them in proportion come the Scots. The Cockneys are in the majority, for there is a type of Londoner who cannot keep away from the "kip-shops" however well off he may be. When he does get away from them it is usually because he has been making money, and some woman has married him and taken him away.

I know several cases of young men who have lived in doss-houses ever since they were boys. Their fathers have lived there before them, and directly they could get away from the guardians or the good Samaritans who took them in as infants they also come to the kip-houses. Besides the types I have already mentioned there are the professional beggars, who are barred by most of the other inmates because of their intolerable dirtiness. There are the "incompetents" whom everybody helps. These are the men, sometimes slightly crippled, who simply cannot make a living although they try. They are weaklings, struggling unskilfully in life's current which is far too strong for them.

Professional thieves are also to be found, but they do not steal in the doss-house itself. That is the second unforgivable sin. The first is giving information to the police, or "grassing," to use the latest slang of the underworld. Fagin still exists among us, especially in the Whitechapel district of Stepney. But he is not always a Jew. Most of the older thieves and organizers of thieving I have met have been pure cockneys or "Brummies." The trouble with these men is that they talk about their past exploits to the youngsters, are always tremendously sympathetic for anyone who has just "come out," providing he has "been away" for stealing, and they give a false romance to the crooked life which the youngsters are only too willing to accept.

The really clever younger thieves keep away from these men. I should say, "the really clever young men who have been thieves," for I have found several cases of youngsters who have turned crook from a mistaken sense of romance and from youthful conceit, and who have come to the conclusion that it is better to "go straight." Several of these men are skilled workmen who can earn a good living even in these hard times, but they work for themselves, not for any employer. That shows that they have grit and independence, but here I am straying from my subject.



REST FOR THE WEARY: *A corner of the common doss-chamber—a picture taken at a quarter before midnight. The top left hand, the two lower right hand and this picture on this double-page were taken in "Shaftesbury Chambers," a doss-house in Macklin Street, Drury Lane. Though frequented largely by "regulars," a few toughs are to be founa*

Supposing you land in a doss-house in London's East End, you will find yourself free of the place after you have paid for your bed. You can buy groceries at a very reasonable rate at the office, and you will find cooking implements in the kitchen, also two or more huge fires.

You should contrive to get your own mug, knife, fork, and spoon, also a billy can, but these will be lent to you at first. Perhaps you will join a "mess." I know one man who supports himself by cooking for those dossers who are in regular employment, but who find it convenient to sleep near their work, which is in the markets and at hours when most people are in bed. He has had some experience in some very good places, can shop on next to nothing, wastes nothing in the vegetable line, and is spotlessly clean, which is a considerable achievement because even the best conducted doss-house is not exactly a hygienic resort.

Apart from the "management," who do not trouble you, a day deputy, a night deputy, and two men cleaners are the only staff, and they do not worry the lodgers. You are expected to be up in the dormitories by midnight. On Sundays, there is a huge fire in the

IAN DEPTHS

an Institution—the Doss-house—of Charles Dickens. The Author and the Doss-house still Further which most Aptly Describes Them. First-hand Narrative is

DELMER

washing-rooms, where you can dry your washing after scrubbing it on the long wooden tables provided for the purpose.

On Sundays, worthy souls from various missions visit the doss-house and conduct short services; usually they are well received by those dossers present, but occasionally there are growls of protest when one of the amateur preachers is not tactful in his remarks. The Salvation Army is not a popular organization among the dossers for reasons that would be too long and too controversial to expose here, but the amateurs from the missions do not ask for money or moralize unduly about the evils of drink.

There is not much drunkenness in the "kip-shops" as a rule, far less than you would imagine, but that may be owing to the general scarcity of ready money. There are occasional fights and these are pretty serious affairs in which the Marquis of Queensberry's rules are not necessarily observed.

Now and again a detective pays a midnight visit in an endeavour to discover some wanted man. He does not ask too many questions, however. If he did, it would be no use. Dossers are a close-mouthed lot where the police are concerned.

But among the lodgers, there is usually a "rat," a "grass," a "nark," or "nose," who is a professional informant or an unsuccessful thief who steals small things in the house itself and welcomes a few shillings of police secret service money for reporting something he has seen or heard in the doss-house. For the dosser who is unlucky enough to "go inside," there is always great sympathy.

When he returns, he must play the game, however, and whatever he does, he must not "grouse" about his experiences whilst in durance vile. On the contrary, he must make light of them without posing either as a hero or a martyr.

A man will not starve in a doss-house. Should he look really hungry, some kindly soul is certain to present him with a mug of strong tea and something to eat, and I know that the cook, to whom I have already referred, feeds at least half a dozen poor souls with the extra food he has purchased for Sunday's special dinner. But there is little begging among the dossers themselves. If a man who is at all known in the place has not enough money for his night's bed, the word goes round. "So-and-so has not got the price of his kip" and it is soon made up. In these places, you meet with the most unexpected generosity as well as with a medieval and very cruel sense of humour.

Usually you do not call anybody by his real name. Possibly he has forgotten it; probably he does not want it mentioned. Occupationary names such as "window-cleaner," "jellied eels," "Barber," "snobbie," are common; nicknames often of a very Rabelaisian nature are in order; also rhyming slang names.

As attendant spirits in the doss-house kitchen are the cats. All sorts of cats! Ginger, black, tabby, black and white, fat, lean, pugnacious, friendly. All sorts of cats! One fellow is famous. He is a big chap whose claws are against all men except his master and a few, very few, cat experts. He will invariably turn and bite any dosser he meets on the stairs. These cats are treated with the greatest of kindness by the residents, but it is when a child comes among the dossers that these men who have been battered by fortune show their extraordinary sentimentality (but perhaps I have not the right word).

They would overload her (or him) with presents if they were allowed, humour his or her every whim. Girl children are favourites, as male children are expected to turn "tough," and be able to fight for themselves at a very early age.

I have already referred to the professional beggars and should have written that the dirtier, the more disreputable they look, the more money they make. One man whom I have in mind, conducts himself something like a man under a vow. He simply makes excursions out into the wide world and looks forlorn, unshaven, with matted locks and fearful black raiment, but he makes a living where others would starve. There is another, an old ruffian doubtless familiar to many city workers, who is older and dressed in rags; in fact, he is known as Old Rags. He makes quite a decent living out of mendicity, but unlike the first man mentioned, he never, or very rarely, actually asks for money. He just stands still or sits down looking like something chewed up by dogs, and kind-hearted folk drop alms into his unclean but ready palm.

Barrel-organ grinders, "whisperers," and match sellers frequent doss-houses. There are degrees of wealth even in those humble occupations. The newsvendors are "steady" lodgers, look after themselves and might be termed the bourgeoisie of the doss-house community. Should they happen on a good pitch by some stroke of fortune, they do not stay long in "kip-shops," for there is a very good living to be made out of a good newspaper "pitch" in London.

One of the oddest characters who travels the country, going from one doss-house to another, as he moves from one town to another, is my friend the old wire-worker. With an ancient pair of pliers, an old tin and a secondary pair of pliers, he can make the most ingenious toys and models out of wire. He is known all over England; will go into a public-house, order his drink, sit down, twirl a piece of wire for a few seconds, and lo and behold, you have a motor-cycle, an aeroplane, a motor-car, a lighthouse or some cleverly modelled toy. He has regular seasons for his goods, is over seventy, has one useless foot, yet travels cheerfully all the year round and does not worry if he cannot scrape up his train fare. He always reaches his destination somehow or other. He told me that some years ago, he had "been on the booze" and was in a Brick-lane doss-house with a

(Continued on p. 278)

WOMEN ALSO HAVE THEIR DOSS-HOUSES *as is evidenced by this lodging in Flower and Dean Street. Similar rules to those obtaining in male doss-houses are in force*

THE PAY BOX *where the charge of 5s. 6d. per week is paid. A notice to aliens and an anti-spitting notice can be seen*

THE READING-ROOM: *Patrons may here play games, read books and newspapers (all of which are supplied), but may not gamble. Four of the six pictures on this page, taken specially for "The Sphere," show the types and atmosphere of doss-houses of the orderly and better class; those in less refined areas are very nearly as orderly and as well ordered*

STREET ENTERTAINERS

Those who have either stood in queue or, passing, have watched a queue being entertained, must have been struck by the remarkable talent to which no theatrical scope is given. Selected street artists broadcast from the B.B.C. last week

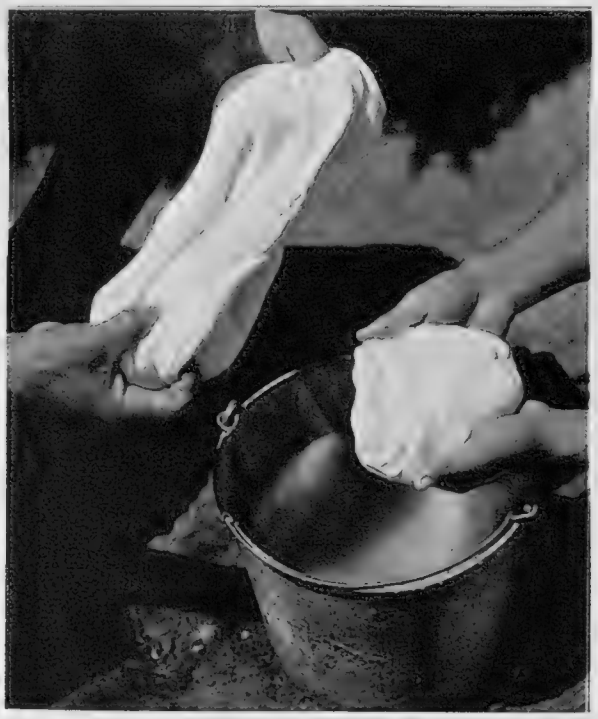
A QUINTETTE OF TALENT: A Robey mimic (Jim-Sim), a paper-tearer (Jock), a bottle balancer (Aristotle), a baritone (John Strong) and a banjo-player (Wunwyfe)

"CONCORD OF SWEET SOUND": A band which plays in the street. The ability of such street entertainers makes one wonder why they are not given more and better scope for their performances

JAZZ *DE LUXE* is provided by a barrel organ and a couple of men who use spoons as joint trap percussion and castanets. The rhythm they create is admirable. They are seen often outside the Gaiety

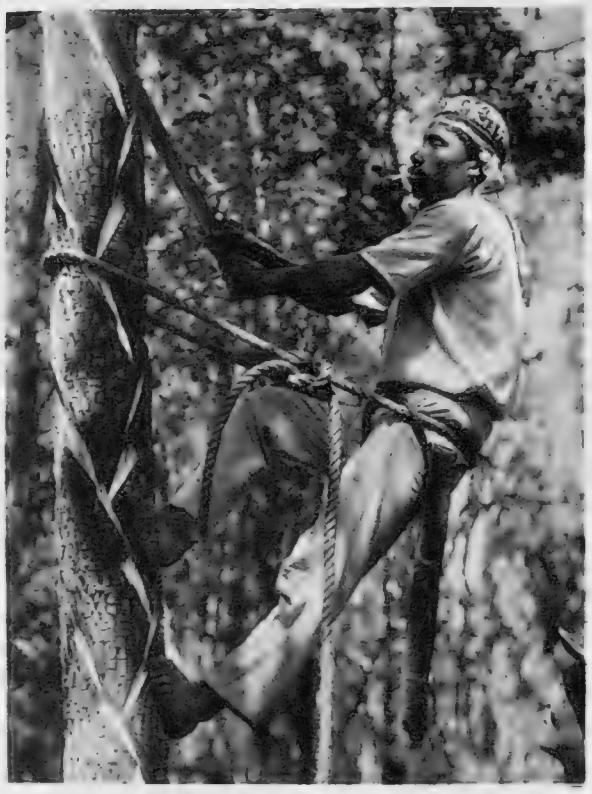
ECCENTRIC DANCERS who perform their evolutions to the strains of a barrel organ form one of the most amusing items in the variety performances of the queues

CHICLE HUNTERS



CHICLE HUNTERS OF YUCATAN: From Central America comes the raw material from which chewing gum is made. High-grade chicle (gum from the Zapote tree) is dazzling white when new and turns grey with age

BOILING: The chicle is put into an iron pot and boiled for half-an-hour or more. It must be constantly stirred, as the least touch of scorching ruins the product. The whiter raw chicle is, the higher is its price



Ewing Galloway

RAW MATERIAL: A *chiclero* gashes a Zapote tree in such fashion that the sap flows from gash to gash, finally falling into a *bolsa* or bag. The tool used to gash the trees is a *machete*

QUEER TRADES

There are, even in these days of mass production, a few ancient trades that still are held in individual hands. One of these is the craft of besom-making, for such primitive instruments are still found more efficient for certain purposes than mechanical cleansers

MAKING BESOMS is a craft still surviving in Winlaton, Co., Durham, and Mr. Bell, who has followed this trade for sixty-one years, is seen above on left fashioning a broom from heather or birch twigs

A TRADE THAT ENDURES UNCHANGED for 4,000 years is that of the gold-beaters, who ply their hammers on anvils of marble as they did in the days of the Pharaohs—a scene at Messrs. G. M. Whiley's

BOATS HUNG UP LIKE FISH TO DRY: A curious sight is the famous Northampton factory of Messrs. Basset-Lowke, who specialize in model boats. The hulls above have just been repainted

A CONFECTIONING MYSTERY: Putting chocolate round chocolate creams is a trick of the trade—a scene taken in the confectioners in Chester Square where Royalty buys its chocolates

"The SPHERE" surveys the WORLD

THAW IN RUSSIA: The ice is already breaking up on the Moskva River, Moscow. Russia has been suffering from a lack of snow, the absence of which has been endangering the prospects of the 1932 harvests

A MONTMARTRE PLEASANTRY: Mlle Rahna, the distinguished dancer, created Colonel of the Fire Brigade of the Montmartre "Republic," decorates the Brigade Chief

SNOWY HAVOC IN SRINAGAR: The house-boats moored off the capital of Kashmir were, in common with electric wiring and tree branches, wrecked by a snowfall. Messrs. Lansdell and D'Ypres were caught in the house-boat seen sinking above and the latter had to swim through the vessel and dive out of the window

ON TRIAL: M. Henri Bosquet, who accidentally shot his daughter during a furious family quarrel, with his counsel, Maître Campinchi

CANONIZATION: The Archbishop of Cologne, with the bishops of Trier and Aachen, kneels before the Golden Shrine of Albertus Magnus, the new Saint, recently canonized, borne on the shoulders of Dominicans

THE EX-CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF GERMANY, seen above with Frau Wilhelm Staudt, still take part in the life of the country. The scene is at the charitable "Cecilienhilfe" evening at the Hotel Esplanade, Berlin

IN JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S C

A FIRST-HAND IMPRESSION OF BIRMINGHAM IN 1932

By CHARLES GRAVES

Birmingham is a remarkable city. It has now a million inhabitants and, if that million is not careful, it will have two million in no time at all. For its birthrate is among the highest in the kingdom. All I knew about Birmingham before my visit could be told in a sentence. There was the Chamberlain tradition and the Queen's Hotel and the Watch Committee and the British Industries Fair and the antiques—which your dragoman sells you as genuine in Cairo and which really come from Birmingham.

I have passed Birmingham on many occasions in the train. But it felt quite an adventure to step out, climb the staircase to the street level, and tell the dilapidated taxicab driver to take me to the town hall, or rather the town clerk in Council House. Mr. Wiltshire, the town clerk, looks like a town major. He has been town clerk since the end of the War. Many aspects of Birmingham emerged from our conversation. Birmingham, I gather, has a more highly developed sense—not of humour but of civic duty—than anywhere else in the community. The cynic may ascribe this to the total absence of any forms of amusement after eleven p.m. The Birmingham man puts it down to this sense of town loyalty begun by the Chamberlains and continued since then by Beales and Cadburys and Kenricks and Lloyds and more Chamberlains.

Birmingham is a place which apparently grows on its inhabitants as well as on itself. Nobody seems able to explain its charm coherently, and yet French *maîtres d'hôtel*, photographers, estate agents, and others all find its allure quite irresistible. Frankly, to the Cockney this is surprising, and yet it is none the less existent. A town which is dead on Sundays all day and which dies every weekday also by half-past eleven p.m. sounds a trifle gloomy. A wealth of factories does not seem to make up for this dearth of gaiety. As I write in the lounge of the Queen's Hotel a heated conversation is being carried on behind my back about *The Church Times*. At dinner two men at the next table were arguing about some filtering process.

"Tom's future is being schemed out," says a white-haired man beside me.

Birmingham seems to be a city of hard work and good works. Heads of firms arrive at the office before the office boy and do not leave before the night watchman appears on the scene. A hard-working business man in London would be a laughing-stock in Birmingham.

"It is a city," said the honorary secretary of the Union Club to me, "which has a higher percentage of men with comfortable incomes—that is to say, between £1,000 and £3,000 a year—than any other, per head of the population throughout the country."

But it seems to me that they live very uncomfortable lives to secure their comfortable incomes. The truth of the matter is that everyone works in Birmingham. Those who do not are either the daughters or wives of the business men. What these poor dears do with themselves throughout the day goodness only knows. It would appear that there are no young men to play with them at all.

There is no inherited wealth in Birmingham—or what there may be is automatically increased by "the son of the old man." There is little or no opportunity for social climbing. It is true that it is a great honour to dine with Mrs. Beale, the eighty-four-year-old widow of a former Lord Mayor. But normally, the person who wants to be a social success in Birmingham has no row to hoe at all. He must get out. There are at least half a dozen industrial knights in Birmingham, like Sir Herbert Austin and Sir Gilbert Vyle, but they work harder than anybody, and there is "nothing doing in that direction." The Calthorpes who own Edgbaston, the Mayfair of Birmingham, live in Hampshire. The Lord-Lieutenant of Warwickshire lives either in Grosvenor Square or at Stoneleigh Abbey.

THE HALL OF MEMORY: Birmingham's tribute to its citizens fallen in the War. Pages of the Book of Memory, housed in the interior, are turned every day

No, if you live in Birmingham you work, and such is the competition that you work very hard indeed. There are something like 1,200 different trades in Birmingham, ranging from artificial eye-ball making to steel girders and chromium-plated bedsteads.

This week the Prince of Wales is going to visit the British Industries Fair at Castle Bromwich. The fair is held in a huge green and cream building which covers twelve acres. When you come to the main entrance there are half a dozen avenues, each half a mile long, radiating away from you. Each avenue is bordered by stalls. There is also 600 ft. of roadway, showing eleven different kinds of road surface. Forty firms are interested in this alone — together with the device whereby reflectors are let into the kerb at such an angle that they show red to a motorist who is driving on the wrong side of the road. Altogether about a thousand firms are represented at this fair, which is showing all the heavy goods—a complement, in fact, to the show at Olympia.

The Prince is to be entertained at the Union Club, where a special room with chintz arm-chairs—usually the sanctum of Miss Rogers, the manageress—has been prepared for him. The club is seething with excitement already. Temporary members are trying to obtain admission to the dinner. Members who will be unavoidably absent are trying to favour the chances of admission of people who are not fully qualified to be present. It is all very exciting, for in Birmingham, above all other places, they realize the value of the inspiring practical leadership of the Prince of Wales.

Here is a case in point. I was taken to a firm which makes five million collar studs a year and forty-three thousand pairs of spectacles a week, as well as all kinds of cheap jewellery—"Brummagem wear" as it used to be called. Dawson Collings, the son of the house, showed me round and told me how he had gone to Buenos Aires during the Prince of Wales's business trip not long ago. When he was travelling back, H.R.H. made his acquaintance in the smoke-room of the liner, cross-questioned him acutely about the affairs of his business, and then sent for a pocketful of cheap jewellery which he had bought in the shops of Buenos Aires. The vast majority of the stuff was gaudy finery, but none the less merchandisable, from Czechoslovakia. Necklaces made of fancy metal, imitation pearls, and imitation jewellery, the kind of thing adored by the South American, predominated. He then put young Dawson Collings through a business catechism which astounded that young man. "Why cannot your firm produce stuff like this?" he asked, and then plied him with technical queries about costs, wages, and all the rest of it. The result was that when he came to Birmingham last year, and went over the factory, young Mr. Collings was able to tell him that, as a result of his leadership and inspiration, they had started up a new sideline which was bringing his firm about £9,000 a year clear profit.

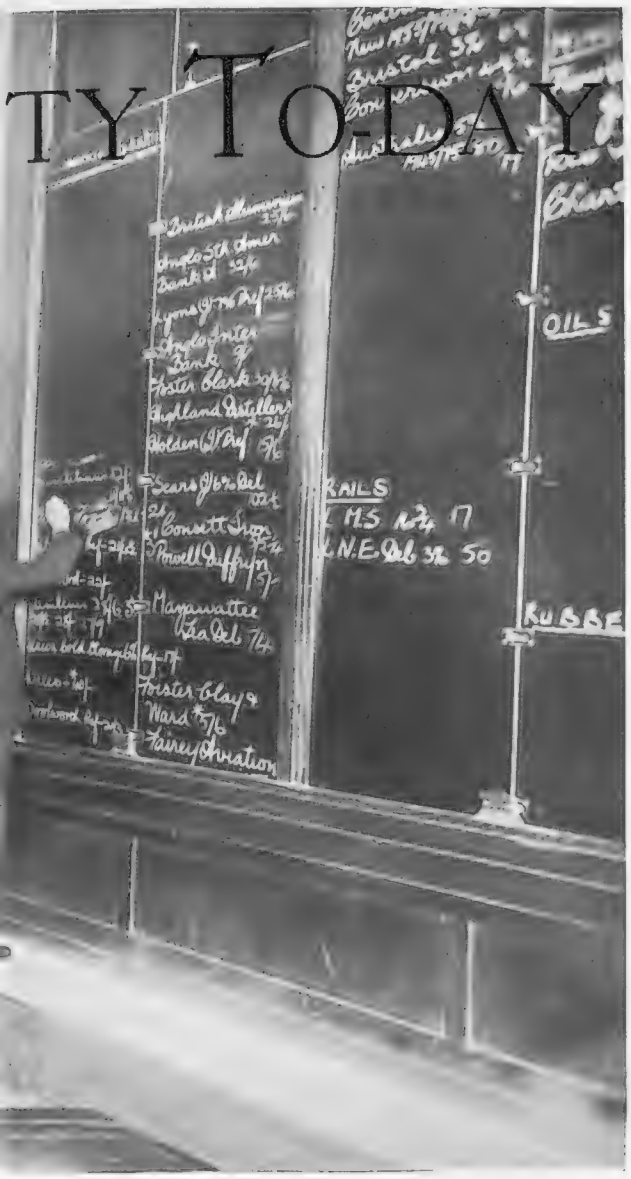
CHEAP JEWELLERY received an immense impulse from the Prince of Wales, whose inspired vision and leadership has created a sideline already showing an annual profit of £9,000

It would be a great mistake, however, to imagine that Birmingham is a kind of concentrated Belgium, where everything is cheap. It is quite true that living expenses, and consequently wages, are very much lower than they are in London. But very many high-grade articles are made there. A high percentage, for example, of the jewellery you see in Regent Street and Bond Street is made in Birmingham. I was taken over one of the chief firms which mounts diamonds, and was fascinated by what I saw. First a flat slice of wax was produced. Set into it were a number of diamonds in the design of a bracelet, with faint tracings where the platinum mounting was to take shape. Young apprentices vigorously worked away polishing gold rings. Old men with spectacles were doing intricate, intimate things to diamond clips and diamond bracelets, which were held into position on the top of "cement sticks." Some of the diamond cutting was as good as anything I saw in Antwerp, and, indeed, the coming of the tariffs has caused a number of inquiries from the Bond Street and Bruton Street branches of the big Paris jewel houses.

As for shot-guns, it may be true that certain London houses specialize more in the ornamental chasing of the barrels, but there was some very pretty work to be seen at the Birmingham Small Arms factory at Small Heath. This factory turned out as many as a thousand machine-guns a week during the War, and such is the accuracy of their workmanship that they specialize in rifles for the Bisley experts. The Government test allows for a variation of two-thousandths of an inch. These marksmen-rifles are graded up to ·3034 and ·3035. Incidentally, I learnt that such is the Government's attitude towards war and economy that no more army rifles are being supplied to the War Office by any firm. I do not know how many hundreds of men are employed at Small Heath, where they also make motor-cars, tri-cars, motor-bicycles, and bicycles. But it must run into thousands.

Judging by the history of the firm, many of their developments seem to have been suggested haphazard by casual visitors. Thus in the early 'eighties there came to see the directors a Mr. E. C. F. Otto, the inventor of a new kind of bicycle, the feature of which was that it had a wheel on each side of the rider. It was a vehicle which, in design, may be described as being midway between the ordinary bicycles and tricycles of the day. Mr. Otto demonstrated his machine by riding it up and down the big board room table at which the assembled directors

THE BIRMINGHAM STOCK EXCHANGE: The great majority of the members wea with a shower of paper balls. Trading is so keen that it is done to "split" three farthing Guest, Keen and Nettlefold—are no



brown suits and it is a tradition of the House to welcome strangers Some of the stocks previously dealt in only in Birmingham—such as listed on the London Stock Exchange

were seated. And, when the demonstration was concluded, he calmly mounted the machine in the board room, rode it down the stairs and so into the roadway, and disappeared at what was then thought to be a reckless pace in the direction of Birmingham.

Again, one morning—in the early 'nineties—a Mr. George Illston called at the factory to arrange a billiards match with one of the draughtsmen. Mr. Illston was shown over the factory and, on coming to a large shop in which the shell plant was lying idle, he expressed his astonishment. That plant, he commented, was eminently suitable for the production of cycle hubs, and cycle hubs were practically unobtainable. Why didn't the company drop shell work altogether and concentrate on the production of hubs? The company did. In such fashion it came about that they began the manufacture of cycle parts for the trade, and became famous throughout the world.

To revert to the gun department of this factory, Birmingham has made equipment for the British Army for very many years. When I was in Brussels this summer I came across an old book about the Battle of Waterloo written by a sergeant-major who served through the campaign. In it he quotes the British troops shouting restlessly "Let's go, and give them Brummagem," and there is a footnote to say that this means the bayonet.

Still, it would be idle to pretend that "Brummagem wear" is not made in large quantities. From Small Heath I was driven to a factory, the proprietors of which are in much the same position, morally, as our whisky distillers who sell their produce for cash but make no inquiries as to its bootlegging destination. Here I was shown Buddhas and Egyptian goddesses which have a ready sale in the East, brass trays and idols, as well as countless door-knockers, warming-pans, candle-sticks and so on, all of antique design. Many of them find their way back to America as genuine, and they are such good reproductions that the greatest expert in the country was deceived at a trial in London not long ago over a skimmer. As far as I can make out, even now he does not know that the one he said was genuine was in fact the fake. But little Mr. Ambrose Farnell, who told me about it, and looks entirely Dickensian, just smiles and says nothing.

Mr. Farnell is the nearest approach to a "character" that Birmingham can produce, now that John Milward is dead. John Milward was the licensee of Dingley's Hotel, and he was a small, white-haired autocratic man who would never allow anyone to sit down to luncheon until he had first said grace. It was the real old-style ritual, which is still maintained, I am told, at the Central, Plymouth and the Greyhound, Bristol. All the guests sit at the long table, with the President at one end and the Vice-President at the other. These honorary offices are bestowed on the two guests who have stayed longest at the inn.

Old Mr. Milward used to stand in the bar long past luncheon time, and everyone had to wait—and incidentally go on drinking—until he gave the word. Sometimes, if a stranger came in to the bar and asked for a glass of beer, Mr. Milward would tell him that he must drink whisky. If the stranger protested, he was told that he had better go as the beer was better over the road, and if whisky, which was good enough for Mr. Milward, was not good enough for the stranger, the latter was not wanted. Sometimes at the end of dinner he would point to various guests and say, "You can have two," or "You can have three," or "You can't have any more." Sometimes the guests did not want another two glasses of whisky and were even unable to pay cash for it, but the whisky was brought and it was booked to them. John Milward died eighteen months ago, and now a manageress reigns in his stead. It is a sign of Birmingham's youth that Dingley's Hotel, which was founded as recently as 1744, is the oldest licensed house in the whole of Birmingham.

Yes, Birmingham is very young and earnest and hardworking. It is, in fact, quite American in this respect. The men work all day and go home tired out at night, while their wives, most of them, busy themselves in good works. Yet, tired as they are, even the men find time to busy themselves about Civic duties and Civic societies and Municipal undertakings. These include the Municipal Bank, the biggest Municipal gasworks in the world, as well as items like King Edward's School. This tradition of public service, begun by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, has been continued during succeeding generations, and the spirit of public service is as strong as ever. What has come to be called the "Birmingham tradition" in local administration is known the world over, and its permanence has been secured by the strong spirit of local patriotism among succeeding generations of the city's inhabitants. When King Edward visited Birmingham shortly before his death, he said: "Fortunate is the city which can obtain for its government the spontaneous services of so many able and conscientious citizens. Birmingham is the home of the best traditions of Municipal life, and I am well assured that these traditions will be upheld in the future as they have been in the past."

CIVIC PROGRESS: A fine example of the strong municipal spirit of Birmingham is seen in this demolition of a central property near the Hall of Memory. On the site a gigantic new civic centre will rise—one of the most ambitious schemes ever undertaken in the provinces. This new scheme will be grouped round the War Memorial

They have been.

The city is managed by a Council of one hundred and twenty-one members—three Councillors from each of thirty wards, thirty Aldermen, and one Councillor representing the Perry Barr Ward. The Councillors elect the Aldermen, and each Alderman is appointed returning officer for a ward. Councillors are elected for three years, one-third retiring each year; Aldermen are elected for six years, one-half retiring every third year. The Council meets monthly, forty-one members forming a quorum, for the transaction of business usually arising from reports of its various committees.

The Lord Mayor presides.

Speaking generally, Birmingham has survived the depression far better than any other town. This is largely due to the fact that, as I say, there are no fewer than twelve hundred different trades in the city. In a talk with the secretary of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, I was told, indeed, the Birmingham manufacturers found it almost too easy to sell their goods to the Continent. The difficulty was to get paid for them. The sterilisation of credit has done them much more harm than the actual depression in the world's purchasing power. The Austrian Commercial Attaché, when he was in Birmingham last week, was interviewed by one manufacturer after another, but not in the hopes of securing contracts. The assistance and advice they required was how to get paid for goods delivered.

There is, however, at least one trade—if that is the word—which does better every day. I refer to the importation of raw constables, and their export in a polished state after an intensive three months' course (there are four a year) at the Police School. Inspector McWalter showed me the ropes. Seventy husky young men, including an Oxford graduate and two from Trinity College, Dublin, were being taken through their paces in ambulance work. Some of them were in plus fours and others in grey flannel trousers. But they came from all parts of the country excepting London, which has its own school at Peel House. Welshmen, Fenmen, Midlanders, are taught their job from the start. They are shown how "Spotting the Lady," "Pricking the Garter," and "Crown and Anchor" are played, in case they catch fellows at it on the race-course or on the race-trains. They learn all about King's evidence, street betting men, compounding a felony, obscene language, warrants, finger prints, prize fights, blackmail, recognizances, piracy and foreign enlistment, poaching, bigamy, the Musical Copyright Act, unlawful oaths, affray, sedition, abduction, rag and bone dealers, and the rest. *(Continued on p. 278)*

THE BIRMINGHAM POLICE SCHOOL ranks with Peel House, London, as a training centre for the constabulary and its pupils are drawn from and, after their three months' course, sent back to all parts of the country from North Wales to the Fens. In addition to theoretical instruction (a lesson in a cross-roads accident is seen above conducted by Inspector McWalter) the pupils are sent out in mufti with uniformed officers to obtain practical experience of their future duties

THE TOWER OF WELCOME: The structure, known as the Aloha Tower, that dominates the town of Honolulu

A TOWER-EYE VIEW: The settlement of Honolulu seen from the Aloha Tower—the Tower of Welcome

AT "THE CROSS-ROADS OF THE PACIFIC," inhabited largely by cross-breeds. A ship of the Dollar Line in harbour

THE NAVY runs the Empire of the U.S.A. As, officially, it is not an Empire, a Colonial Office and Civil Service cannot be set up—with disastrous Governmental results

Ewing Galloway

THE U.S.A. IN MANILA: Malakanang Palace, the residence of the Governor-General

Ewing Galloway

THE LARGEST SUNDIAL IN THE WORLD is at Manila University—also a portion of the U.S. Empire

HOW IMPERIAL AMERICA RULES Her ISLANDS.—By PATRICK THOMPSON

Hawaii has been puzzling the world a good deal lately. Here is a profusely-advertised tropical resort on the beaten track of the North Pacific Islands, a flowery paradise upon whose celebrated beaches thousands of tourists are landed every week from a dozen or more steamers. Suddenly, out of the blue, ravishing of white women, beating-up of natives by marines, murder of an islander, race feuds, alleged corruption of law courts, and local politics, uproar in the U.S. Congress, commissions of inquiry, admirals denouncing state of affairs in Hawaii, Governor-General of Hawaii announcing on the contrary everything there is for the best in the best of all possible earthly paradises.

All very odd. Things like this do not happen in British tropical territories.

They used not to happen in Hawaii. But there have been considerable changes since King Kalakaua entertained R. L. Stevenson in the royal canoe house at Honolulu. A Hawaiian monarch ruled then. Now America is lord of the islands; and there has been considerable immigration.

The last census showed around 20,000 pure Hawaiians left in a total population of 276,000. You may know those glass-bottomed boats at Kaneohe and Waialua, whence you look down at the coral gardens beneath the sea. Most of that coral is dead. It is like that with the Hawaiians. A dying race.

Go to an American business man's luncheon on the lanai of the Outrigger Club in Honolulu, and you will find more Filippinos, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, and Koreans than Hawaiians. See a carnival turnout at Hilo on the big island; the men with the lanterns are Japs, the girls with the dragons Chinese, the confetti-throwers are most likely Portuguese, the serpentine-throwers Filippinos, the flower-decked singers Caucasian-Hawaiians, and the women *pa'u* riders Asiatic-Hawaiians. Review a regiment of the national guard on Oahu, and you find each company is composed of a distinct racial group.

The peculiarities of Uncle Sam's methods of ruling her islands does not contribute greatly to a solution of the problems arising from such a state of affairs. In a British-ruled African colony the outrage of a white woman by natives would be comparable to news of the heavens falling. In French-controlled Papeete, the most cosmopolitan town in the South Seas, natives could not ravish a white woman and get away with it. But the representative from Hawaii (the territory sends a representative, but he has no vote) gets up in the U.S. Congress and protests that only four white women have been ravished in the past year (so far as is known), and as for a few gangs, well, aren't there gangs in America?

It illuminates the scene somewhat to sketch in the background of American imperial rule. Britain, frankly an imperial power, puts her dependencies and possessions under the control of a Colonial Office headed by a responsible Cabinet Minister, and so can maintain a continuous, energetic, and humane policy. But the American Government, obliged to camouflage the possession of an empire—the people don't like the word and its implications—dare not set up a regular Colonial Office. It solves the problem, therefore, by dividing control between the War and Navy Departments, with the President appointing Governors-General (the Senate ratifying) for the more important territories like the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Hawaii.

The American empire comprises about a million square miles and over twenty million inhabitants. The quantity seems relatively small (the French empire approximates 4,000,000 square miles, and to an already huge empire the British have added 7,000,000 square miles in the last fifty years), but the strategical quality is out of all proportion to the size, and, in terms of commerce, the American dependencies and territories form an empire second only to Britain's.

The Danish West Indies were purchased in 1917 as a naval base. Porto Rico has had semi-responsible government since the same year; before, government approximated to the old British Crown colony type. The War Office looks after Porto Rico through its bureau of insular affairs. Cuba, relieved from American Army rule in 1902, is nominally an independent sovereign State, but actually an economic dependency, which can count upon the intervention of American marines to "keep order" whenever local politics look like taking a turn menacing to the economic and strategic interests of Uncle Sam.

Commodore Dewey saw to it that after the Cuban war the "little brown brothers" of the Philippines were brought under the American wing. President McKinley, after prayer, saw light, and decided that there was "nothing left for us to do but take them all, and to educate the Filippinos, and uplift and civilize and Christianize them." Put that way, imperialism tasted sweet—even to American Methodists. The Filippinos objecting, the American army moved in, and after a little war, which cost America as many soldiers as she had lost in Cuba (and more scandals) the islands were brought under the American flag.

Under the Wilson liberal regime they got dominion status plus a pledge of absolute independence, but the Filippinos could not stand corn, and when the Republicans came back in 1921, General Wood was appointed Governor-General to clean up.

It was as if Winston Churchill had succeeded Lord Irwin in India. Wood was Roosevelt's pet officer. The Governor-General lately has been Roosevelt's son. The Roosevelt dictum of "govern or get out" has thus been re-established in this territory, to which America has brought sanitation, a disciplined native constabulary, baseball and a representative assembly. The Philippines are a War Office responsibility.

Hayti had a revolt, and a concerned Uncle Sam put the marines in. Hayti, thereupon, became one of the navy's babies. Roosevelt put his bailiffs into the Dominican republic, but Wilson supplemented customs-house control by regular military rule, which lasted until 1924. The republic remains an appanage of the United States. Control over Nicaragua, so essential to safeguard the Panama Canal zone and the line of the proposed new canal, was likewise achieved by a financial protectorate which turned the territory into a virtual dependency, with American marines upholding a subservient Government.

Guam was acquired from Spain in 1898. Tutuila represents the American share of the Samoan partition of 1899. The Panama Canal zone, Fonseca Bay, Guantanamo Bay and the Corn Islands were leased. And if you ask an American diplomat with a sense of humour how his country came by her other odds and ends of islets in the Caribbean and the Pacific, mites that a maternal navy looks after, he will smile and say drily: "Oh, I guess they were just sort of acquired."

America's insular acquisitions are dependencies of, but not part of, the United States; and the people of varying nationality who inhabit the islands, or are born on any of them, are American nationals, but not citizens except in territories where the U.S. Congress has specially decreed otherwise.

Hawaii, annexed in 1898 after the whites had risen, abolished the Hawaiian monarchy (which seemed to have a preference for Japanese protection), and declared a republic, has the status of a territory of the U.S.A., and is eligible for statehood, much as India is eligible for full Dominion status—some day. She has an American Governor-General, but a ruling group of large landowners and financial interests control local politics. The vote is small. Coolies and peasants are ineligible.

Most of the senators, judges, financiers, leading business men and plantation owners are *papa-haole*, part-white, part-Hawaiian, descendants of missionaries and merchants of the old days who married into the families of Hawaiian chiefs and royalties. Japanese compose half the population of Hawaii. The "big interests" do not care to offend this or any other Oriental *bloc* merely because some naval officer's wife, or a tourist woman, has got into trouble with the beach boys, the scum of the earth. Hawaii is their world; their lives are set there—and their fortunes.

America has done much for her islands in the material sense. But as a colonizing power, she has weaknesses. Her gang crimes, her corrupt politics, her loose morals—these do not enhance the respect of the island peoples for their rulers. Her reluctance to admit to imperialism and to set up a regular Colonial Office is a drawback; and a comparative newcomer to the ancient game, she has yet to evolve an official class with that quiet yet impressive governing-caste manner which is of more use to Imperial Britain in her dealings with Orientals and tribal peoples than 100,000 bayonets.

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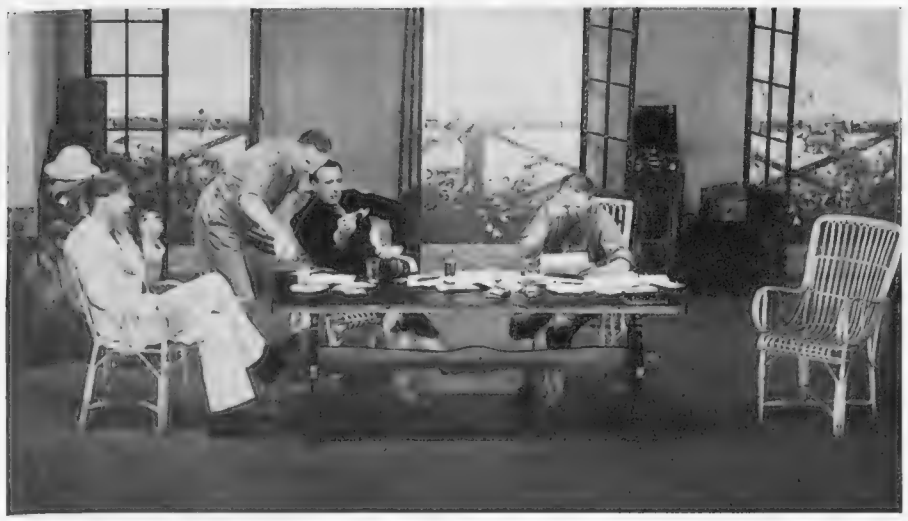


THREE OF A KIND—AND A "KICKER": Messrs. Alan Napier, David Hawthorne, and Sir Gerald du Maurier who are three hard-up pukka sahibs and Mr. Franklin Dyall (in black coat), who is neither pukka nor sahib. In this scene the villain agrees to finance the three sahibs in their search for a mine—of which he shall take all the profits

HERO AND HEROINE: Sir Gerald du Maurier and Miss Joan Maude in *The Green Pack*, Edgar Wallace's swan song at Wyndham's. The villain (Mr. Franklin Dyall) not only claims the total profits of the mine found by the hero, but also pays marked attentions to the heroine—with tragic results for all concerned

THE PICK OF THE PACK: The three sahibs—Messrs. Napier, Hawthorne, and Sir Gerald du Maurier—cut the cards to see who shall "bump off" the villain who has stolen both the mine they have found and Sir Gerald's *fiancée*. It is agreed that whoever draws the Spade Ace shall perform the execution

FULL COMPANY: Sir Gerald du Maurier, Mr. David Hawthorne, Miss Joan Maude, Mr. Franklin Dyall, Mr. Alan Napier, Mr. J. H. Roberts (who plays the tippling father of Miss Maude) and Miss Jessie Winter (who plays her mother) in the African setting

The Late Edgar Wallace's Latest Play, "The Green Pack," at Wyndham's Theatre

Together: Edgar Wallace's that Lives: Punchinello

PAGE

highest traditions of this or any theatre. Did he shout in the forum scene? Of course he shouted, as anyone addressing a mob would do (this mob, by the way, was a little too obstreperous). But his speech "O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth," was full of subdued dignity. The Brutus of Mr. Basil Gill was in very truth noble; his voice is as fine as it was in the Tree days and no man has ever looked better in armour or a toga. Mr. Balliol Holloway's Cassius was uneven, but it had its moments. The part of Cæsar is poor; the great man is here a pompous nonentity. Mr. Lyn Harding did all that was humanly possible. From an enormous cast of well-known folk I pick out the robust second citizen of that sound comedian, Mr. S. Major Jones (pure Warwickshire, of course), Mr. H. A. Saintsbury's Artemidorus, Mr. Henry Vibart's Ligarius, and Mr. Lawrence Anderson's Octavius. Mr. Oscar Asche's Casca was good, and he is to be congratulated on his work as producer except as regards that silly and most unconvincing rainstorm, which should at once be scrapped. The women in this play are but graceful ciphers, but it was good to see Miss Lily Brayton again even in so shadowy a part as that of Brutus's devoted wife.

Edgar Wallace was not primarily a dramatist; his plays are not likely to live nor can he be said to have had any influence on the British Theatre. Yet the stage will miss him; his lovably arrogant personality, his optimism, and his amazing energy meant much in theatreland. And the play-going public that does not include the *intelligentsia* are the poorer for the loss of a man who could generally be relied upon to provide a first-rate entertainment. His methods were not always so slipshod as they seemed. When he first wrote for the stage he had little or no knowledge of the technique of the dramatist, and it was a case of hit or miss—usually miss. But he had a natural *flair* and his touch grew more and more sure with that astonishing ability of his for picking up details. *On the Spot* was a masterpiece of its type.

It would be gracious to acclaim his last play, *The Green Pack*, as Wallace's best. It is not that. Yet it will be not only for sentimental reasons and for the fact that its first performance took place while the author was dying that *The Green Pack* should fill Wyndham's for a period long enough to be profitable.

Except for a rather muddled ending and a surprise *dénouement* which does not quite come off, the story is told in bold and effective fashion. Three Englishmen—very white and public-schooly — have literally struck gold near a one-horse town in Portuguese Africa. They look forward to retiring with a fortune, thinking that one, Louis Creet, a very unpublic-schooly person who had financed them, would be content with a fourth share in the mine. Not a bit of it. Creet arrives and wants the lot, having already annexed the fiancée of one of them. So Creet is "bumped off"—never mind how, for that is the exciting secret—the fiancée (rather damaged goods by this time) is restored to her white man, and all is well.

I could not loathe Creet quite as violently as the author wished us to, since, although he was not a pukka sahib the others were so aggressively pukka as well as being singularly stupid. Indeed, he was taking a big risk with his investment in such circumstances, and his offer of £2,000 to each of them struck me as over-payment. Sir Gerald du Maurier, as the least stupid and most attractive of the white trio, finds this sort of part child's play, and was, of course, admirable. Mr. Franklin Dyall as Creet was brilliantly villainous, and Miss Jessie Winter very sweet and gracious in a part quite unworthy of her. Not a perfect play by any means, but one which should be seen.

I am grateful to Mr. Clifford Bax for, in the first place, showing us in his play at the Duchess, *The Rose Without a Thorn*, a Henry VIII who is a human being and who does not stump about colourlessly with his legs wide apart, uttering Wardour Street oaths and chucking pretty damsels of the Court under the chin. This is a serious and literary study of, whatever his faults, a vital king with red blood in his veins. A bit of a schoolboy, and very much of a sentimentalist (neither of these qualities is incompatible with cruelty or with relentless craftiness in State affairs), here is a real man and—who knows?—possibly the real Henry. We do know that Henry loved passionately Katheryn Howard, and Mr. Bax, with skill and sympathy, shows a strong man's agony at the discovery of her past and present wantonness. That is the whole drama—a fine one.

With all its literary quality, *The Rose Without a Thorn*, lives on the stage, though it is underplayed rather than overplayed. That criticism, however, does not apply to Mr. Frank Vosper as the king. He had a difficult task (not made easier, on the night I was present, by a cold which rendered him almost voiceless), and he overcame all difficulties with understanding and technical skill. He well knows the value of "timing" and how dangerous is restlessness.

Miss Angela Baddeley was pretty and girlish as Katheryn, but that is not enough. That we know little of this unfortunate queen is no reason for letting her be colourless in a play in which there is scope for making her a memorable figure. Miss Margaret Swallow had a good moment as a lady-in-waiting under cross-examination, and Miss Mabel Russell supplied what little humour there is in this sombre but powerful drama as the homely Anne of Cleves.

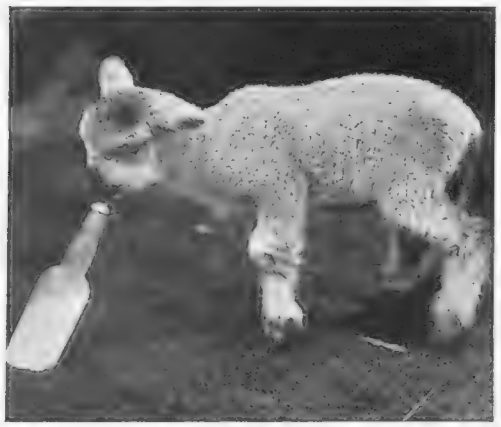
Mr. John Hastings Turner has provided some highly decorative costumes for *Punchinello*, his new play at the Globe. Mr. Laurence Irving's scenery is really exquisite. Mr. Leslie Bridgewater has the art of writing incidental music that is more than incidentally telling. Yet the Turneresque effects in this version of the Punch and Judy story do not make it live except at rare moments. The author has frequently shown that he can make picturesque fiction in fifteenth-century settings very much alive in the theatrical sense: but the vital spark is missing here. The reconstruction of the Punch tragedy on high-falutin' lines seems woefully thin. A virtue in the play, however, is that it gets much better as it goes on (the first act being the very intensification of dullness) and the scene in which Punchinello, a strolling player who has found favour at Court, and who, dazzled by social success and naturally cruel, had strangled his faithful Judy, is tried by the Inquisition has the

(*Continued on p.* 278)

LAMBING SEASON

The wintry weather, which is ever the bane of those interested in the earliest-born lambs of the season, has been notably absent this year, and farmers and shepherds were congratulating themselves on a year free of anxiety. Last week, however, the blizzard, which recalled to us the fact that spring hounds had not yet leapt winter's traces, caused much trouble in ovine circles

LAMBS ARE NOT ALWAYS GENTLE as this ovine argument proves. The lambs in the picture are Hampshire Downs on an Essex farm



BROUGHT UP ON THE BOTTLE: A spring lamb on a Yorkshire farm tilts his bottle of milk in an endeavour to get the last drop from it

STEPPING-STONE TO STATURE! A young lamb on a farm at Ickleton, near Cambridge, treats Mother Ewe in unfilial fashion

BABES IN THE WARM: A shepherd at Petworth protects a couple of new-born lambs from the unexpected blizzard that swept Britain—even in the south—last week

AQUATIC EVENTS

SALMON ON THE SEVERN: The picturesque figure cut by a fisher who risks the indifferent sport caused by the icy weather attending the opening of the Season

ENDURANCE: Miss Blanche Norton, who swam from Cremyll, Cornwall, to Mount Wise, Devonport—a distance of over a mile through severe cross currents—in twenty minutes for a wager

ROD FISHING ON THE TWEED has just started, Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Horn of Whitburn, with the veteran boatman, Muckle, on the Little Davey beat of the Sprousten Waters, near Kelso

INSTRUCTION: Three young kilted Scotsmen attend with eagerness to the demonstration of baiting a salmon line. The picture was taken on the Taymouth Castle waters of the largest river in Britain

ANIMAL ANTICS

As animals may not be retained on board H.M. ships, a miniature Whipsnade has been constructed on Whale Island—termed *H.M.S. Excellent*, the gunnery school of the navy—wherein such exotic fauna as may be captured or bought on foreign service may be installed.—At Bristol an open-air zoo, designed on the lines of the great Whipsnade enclosure, is in course of construction

CONSOLATION, in the form of tickling the neck, is administered to Andy, the Zoo's baby walrus, who mourns for his (defunct) playmate, Harriet

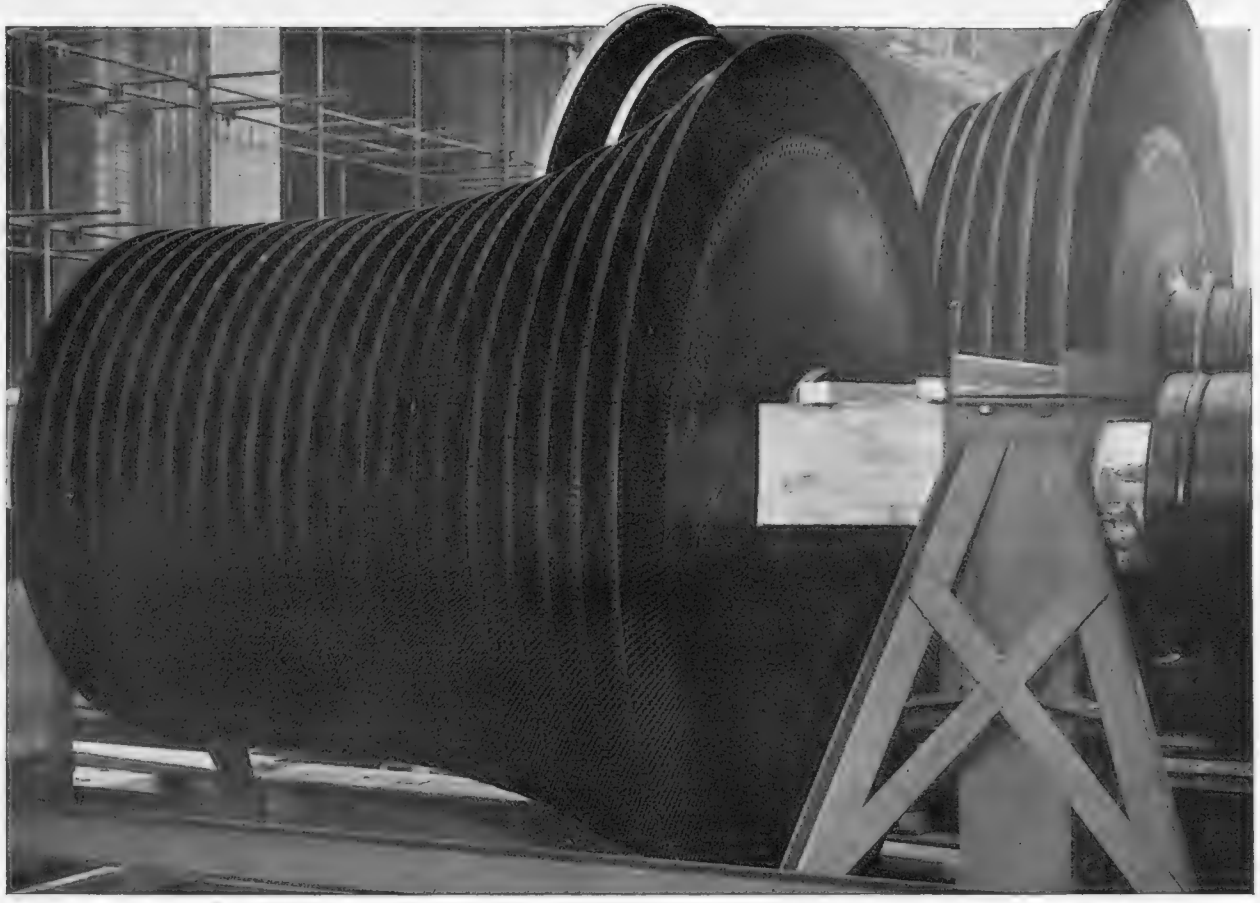
TUG OF — PLAY: A keeper of the Bristol Zoo has trouble with a young kangaroo when inspecting the miniature Whipsnade under construction

"THE FRETFUL PORCUPINE" in the miniature Whipsnade, maintained by the Navy on Whale Island, where all naval pets are kept

FLAPPER AND FLIPPER!: "Flip," the pet seal who is a great friend of the swimmers in Avalon Bay, Catalina Island, receives a tit-bit from his admirer, Miss "Tony" Enriquez

MECHANICS OF TO-DAY

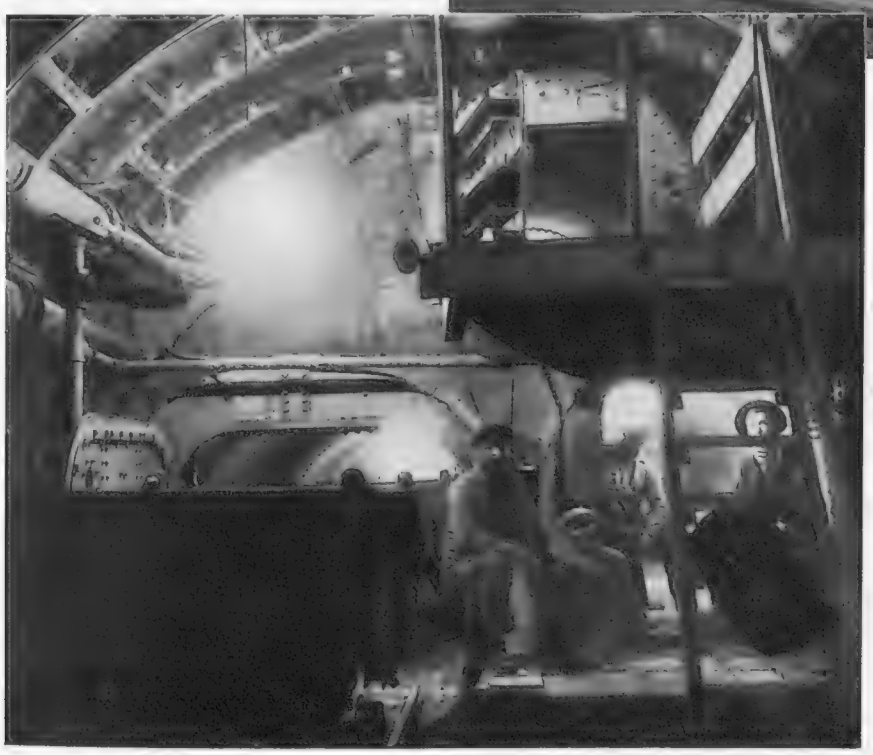
A BALANCE TO WEIGH A DOT, made by a pencil on paper—$\frac{1}{3000}$ mg.—at Sheffield University



FOR THE BATTERSEA POWER STATION: The intermediate-pressure and low-pressure rotating elements for one main turbine unit. The gigantic enterprise, which is still sustaining violent opposition from residents in districts likely to be affected by fumes, will be ready for operation in the Spring of 1933

THE LARGEST GREYHOUND "TOTE" IN BRITAIN is that at Harringay. It has just been enlarged, and is seen undergoing test

THE GIANTISM OF MODERN MECHANICS: A close-up view of the low-pressure end of a main turbine unit. This turbo-alternator—the largest in the country—develops 80,000 K.V.A.



Ewing Galloway

A COMPRESSED AIR CHAMBER safeguards the workers on the subway tubes run under the East River, New York. The pressure is 35 lb. The lower right chamber is for men; the lower left for material. The upper right chamber is for flooding emergencies

SIX MILLION LETTERS A DAY are handled by the pneumatic tube section of the New York post office. They are shot all over the city—even over Brooklyn Bridge. Each "shell" or carrier holds 600 letters, and they travel 150,000 miles a day

THE NORTH COAST of the Argentine "Switzerland"—the area surrounding Lake Nahuel Huapi, Neuquen

THE ARGENTINE SWITZERLAND

A Region of Lovely Lakes

There is no royal road to the heart of that region in the Cordillera de los Andes between Chile and Argentina where lies a wondrous chain of lakes—gigantic, glittering sapphires set with the onyx of earth, the emerald of forest and the ruby of rocks. However, there are varied and adventurous routes leading inevitably to Bariloche on Lake Nahuel Huapi.

In recent years, as railways have been extended, the tourist is encouraged to make a start from Carmen de Patagones or San Antonio on the Atlantic. The Rio Negro is crossed by launch, followed by a train journey from Viedma to Punta Rieles (railhead), then another short motor trip of twelve kilometres takes one into Bariloche.

The first journey to Lake Nahuel Huapi (Island of the Tigers) was made by train to Bahia Blanca, thence on to Cippoletti in the territory of Neuquen. After a night spent at a somewhat depressing hotel, we were roused at five o'clock in the morning to take our place in the six-seater Government car. The first landmark of interest was the Plottier estancia, a veritable oasis in the desert, owing its existence solely and entirely to irrigation.

Our first official stop was at Cerro de la Policía for luncheon. The place was a typical camp "boliche" (country store), owned by Turks. Nearby we had a sudden surprise in the Amphiteatro de Rentería, a series of cascades and falls of hard, red clay like petrified blood.

We spent the night at a spot called Lonco Huaca, a very small establishment indeed, built of adobe with a corrugated tin roof held down by responsible looking rocks. As our arrival was unexpected, our hostess had to turn out eight of her twelve children from their quarters in order to provide us with a bed or two to sleep in. We were so tired, however, that we did not care where the previous occupants of our beds found rest. Near Lonco Huaca, there is a celebrated spring, "Riacho de Agua Santa," where a stop is always made to give thirsty travellers a drink. At that time, an English settler had a small hut and microscopic farm alongside the sacred waters, but their protection proved unavailing as he was murdered by bandits some time later.

According to the time-table, Bariloche should be reached at the end of the second day's motor journey. Nevertheless, we spent that night at Pilcaniyen, at the bottom of a valley. The place is at the junction of various roads, and an active centre of trade.

Scenery beyond Pilcaniyen became more and more exciting. The car plunged into deep valleys, where the road disappeared entirely in marshes, to reappear quite suddenly on the slope of a mountain far above. A steep climb brought us to the famous San Ramón estancia, the property of Prince Von Lippe Scharemburg, scion of a royal German house. His estate was in truth no less than a kingdom with its fine dwelling house, broad and fertile acres, and thousands of heads of cattle and sheep.

On the banks of the Nirehuau River, which we forded in the car, we drove into a veritable Garden of Eden. Velvety red, white, and yellow blossoms of considerable size grew in clumps on the trees, and the ground was carpeted with wild strawberries. Cherry trees, apple trees, myrtles, and pines in riotous confusion, and everywhere the superb "colihue" tree, undisputed monarch of the forests in this region.

A curve in the road and the dazzling panorama of Lake Nahuel Huapi was revealed, its crystal-clear waters a mirror of beauty held up to skies, forests, and mountains.

San Carlos de Bariloche is built on the shore—an odd little village, quaint but ugly in spite of its gorgeous setting. It was founded over twenty-five years ago by the Wiederhold Brothers, two German settlers. The facility of communications with the Chilean frontier took several German, Swiss, and Chilean subjects to Bariloche, where they formed the nucleus of the present population of over a thousand inhabitants.

Bariloche is usually the headquarters selected by all tourists in making their excursions to the various lakes and beauty spots in the vicinity, such as to the Tronador, Bolsón, Lago Correntoso, Traful, Lago Todos los Santos, Frías, Colonia Suiza, Laguna Moreno, Lake Gutierrez and Mascardi.

The usual tour, after making all possible excursions from Bariloche, is to cross Lake Nahuel Huapí to Puerto Blest, thence on to Casa Pangue, Peulla, Petrohué, and Puerto Varas, or Valdivia in Chile.

IN THE ARGENTINE LAKE DISTRICT: The serenity of Puerto Blest

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

The FORTUNATE

There is a holiday cruise which at this time of year has no rival.

Even for those for whom romance has perhaps become somewhat of a chimera, the West Indies possess a lure. Perhaps one even remembers that once they were the scene of high adventure, and the lairs of bold and bloody pirates; and in the imagination of romantic novelists at least, of beauteous maidens in distress. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that the urge to visit them is a real call of the sea.

In most lives there are at least a few things that stand out as never-to-be-forgotten experiences of pleasure and sheer delight, and a cruise to "the Fortunate Isles," as the West Indies, with their sunshine, azure seas, luxuriant foliage, and wealth of flowers may well be called, is one of those wonderful adventurings on which mortals can to-day embark in confidence and luxury.

How amazingly has the latter feature of sea-travel been developed in the last decade! Nowadays most of the leading steamship lines have what are well called luxury cruisers, employed in the holiday traffic of the Seven Seas. Vessels embracing in their shipboard life all the amenities of first-class hotels. A life in which amusement is equally well-organized so that the voyage is rendered enjoyable and interesting for all types of holiday makers. Deck sports are in operation soon after the Channel is left behind. Concerts, dances, card games, the cinema, wireless, all contribute to enjoyment in the evenings. For those who wish to get fitter than when they embarked, or to keep the fitness upon which they have good cause to pride themselves, there are the means of doing so in the well-designed gymnasium and the swimming bath. Boredom can never come upon a voyage such as is offered by a cruise to the West Indies.

Usually in less than three days out one has sailed right into the heart of summer. Blue skies above, and just that tang in the freshness of the Atlantic breezes as gives one the appetite to enjoy and appreciate the excellent food that is always found upon a first-class British liner the world over.

As one runs down the coast of Portugal to Madeira the ship is on really blue water and the greyness of the winter skies at home and green-greyness of seas is soon forgotten.

OFF THE BAHAMAS: One of the great ships off Nassau, the capital of the group

is the opportunity of cementing the friendships that have already begun.

It is interesting to note that the islands among which the cruise is taken originally constituted a continuous piece of land, the West Indies of to-day being the summits of a mountain chain of a submerged country. Politically, they belong to many owners. The largest of the islands, Cuba and Haiti, account for three Republics; the United States owns St. Thomas, Porto Rico, St. John and Santa Cruz; while Great Britain possesses the Bahamas, Jamaica, Trinidad, the Cayman Group, and most of the Windward Islands, although a few of the latter are French or Dutch.

The days across to Barbados are a delight, so restful, so sunny, and gay, while the moonlit nights with dances on deck by the light of vari-coloured Chinese lanterns or other lamps are long remembered, with nothing but the steady throb of the engines to tell that one is going on at all.

Then there creeps up out of the sea, low on the horizon, a green line, which ultimately seems fringed with an edging of lace—the foam of rollers breaking against a coral reef. That is Barbados. It rises in terraces to a height of over 1,000 ft. It is one of the most densely populated places in the world. Sugar cane growing is one of its chief industries, and a feature of the island are the windmills, dotted about the countryside on the sugar plantations, in which the cane is crushed.

A SUGAR-CRUSHING WINDMILL in Barbados

Bridgetown, the capital, has a homely touch in its Trafalgar Square with, of course, a Nelson column. There are three complexions to be seen in Bridgetown streets—white, *café au lait*, and uncompromising black. But all the inhabitants are intensely British, as one soon discovers in conversation, for the island has been so for more than three hundred years. Perhaps one remembers the scarlet land crabs, the huge and gaily-coloured butterflies, and the flying fish, most vividly of all Barbados sights.

What a revelation is Madeira with its greenness, palms, and vineyards on the hillsides, and wealth of gorgeous flowers. As one draws into Funchal Bay one sees the long stretch of waterside with its white, gleaming houses with their green jalousies lost amid foliage on the lower slopes of the mountainous ridge which lies at the back of the bay. One is conscious of an air of cheerfulness, doubtless induced by the sunshine, flowers, and beautiful climate, directly one steps ashore.

The streets are so steeply sloping that wheeled traffic is at a discount, and one has the fun of slithering down them in ox-drawn *carros*, sled-like vehicles with canopies to ward off the sun.

When Madeira sinks below the horizon one's course is set on that of the great Elizabethan captains and earlier explorer-navigators to Barbados, the next port of call. One is surely in the track of pure romance, even though steam is said to have killed that element of ocean travel as a set off to the comfort and certainty enjoyed.

During the eight days' steam from Madeira to Barbados there

Queerly shaped Trinidad—almost like a baby's woollen boot—is not far

THE TROPIC GROWTH OF TRINIDAD: A shady group of coconut palms

ISLES: A Cruise to the West Indies, a Region of Sunshine, Beauty, and Romance

By CLIVE HOLLAND

distant, almost due south. It has three peaks which at once strike one on approaching it. But it is famous for other things so dissimilar as humming birds, and its lake of Pitch, which has provided a surface for so many roads in the homeland, and on which, strange to say, one can walk as though on rubber cushions. One leaves the island with

Ewing Galloway

A RESORT OF FASHION: An impression of Nassau, which is beginning to compete with Bermuda

memories of its beauty, rugged peaks richly tree-clad, and fertile valleys. This, too, is the island of Raleigh, and there is still surviving some of the pleasant atmosphere of the old Colonial days.

Cristobal, the next port of call, is the gateway to the Panama Canal, a delightful town with wide, modern streets, charming houses set back from them with intervening strips of grass, feathery palms and flower-beds. One has time to go along that eighth wonder of the world, the great canal, which unites Atlantic and Carribean with Pacific. The cutting of the canal, with the scientific fighting of the unhealthy climate and conditions of Panama, resulted in the defeat of "yellow jack" and the alleviation of many other evils. It was here that one of the greatest feats of that great pirate, Sir Henry Morgan, was performed, when he sacked the old city of Panama and robbed the Spaniards of vast treasure. There is time to visit the ruined city with the ivy-grown tower of its ancient cathedral standing stark and desolate.

Jamaica, 500 miles or so away, next intrigues the voyager with its wonderful range of Blue Mountains, pleasant capital Kingston, its fine harbour the scene of so much naval activity in the old-time wars with France and Spain. There is much beautiful scenery in Jamaica. Wide, open valleys, through which run silvery streams amid a wealth of vegetation that must be seen to be appreciated, with the Blue Mountains seeming to dominate the scene from so many view-points. In Kingston one can see the house which Nelson occupied; the site of old Port Royal, known in former times as "the wickedest city in the world," where pirates returned to spend, in all varieties of riotous living, the vast sums they had acquired by attacking rich Spanish-American cities, or treasure fleets on the high seas. Jamaica is warmer than some of the places that have been visited, but has a beautiful climate.

Havana is a modern pleasure city to which numbers of Americans come for sunshine and distraction in the Winter and Spring. Cuba, the island of which it is the capital, is known as "the Pearl of the Antilles." In Havana one has fragments of the old order, Morro Castle, white and gleaming as the steamer enters the harbour, for example, linked with the most up-to-date developments architecturally, commercially and socially that American influence has brought about. The many facilities for enjoyment, the palatial modern hotels, give Havana a charm of its own.

ON CIGAR ISLAND: Morro Castle, Havana

The Bahamas are the next objective on the homeward journey. The islands are noted for their sponge fisheries, and the industry is a source of considerable wealth; the vast numbers of sponges are sorted and graded in large sheds. Nassau, the capital of the islands, has been called "the paradise of millionaires." It is a charming, bright, and go-ahead town, which has come into favour as a holiday resort. A well-known writer, visiting it, once said that the streets are so clean he had not the face to throw away his cigar-end in them! The climate is so good and equable that many Americans and Canadians habitually winter here. The Governor's Palace, on Mount Fitzwilliam, occupies a strikingly beautiful situation. Set by a deep blue sea, with perpetual sunshine, a wealth of flowers, and a society that is gay and cosmopolitan, Nassau does not, indeed, lack charm.

Bermuda, to which a couple of days' steaming takes us, claims, and not without reason, to be another "paradise." It has one peculiarity, that its fine roads are barred to motor traffic! These are bordered by fields of Madonna lilies, grown for the American and Canadian markets, geraniums, and other flowers with palms over-shadowing them, and there are numerous little white bridges beneath which run sparkling streams. To its charm of scenery Bermuda adds many attractions for sport and enjoyment: surf bathing, yachting, fishing, golf; the latter with an experience of the famous "Bermuda grass," which makes so fine a playing surface both for greens and fairways. Then there are the glass-bottomed boats from which one probes the mysteries of the deep, seeing gorgeous fishes having unbelievably brilliant colours. The wonderful stalactite caves, gleaming white beaches and lovely gardens leave very pleasant memories of the islands when the ship's head is at last turned eastward for home.

IN AN ISLAND OF THE BLACKS: The native market in Hayti

St. Michael's, in the Azores, is the last port of call on the homeward run of over 3,000 miles. Ponta Delgada is very different in appearance from the towns and cities of the West Indies. There is a jumble of rust-red roofs, arches, carved pillars and doorways, and general architectural features reminiscent of Spain. There is, too, amid the scent of pines, surviving the atmosphere of the Middle Ages, which will soon, as the voyage ends, be replaced by the modernity of England, as will the atmosphere of romantic beauty that distinguishes "The Fortunate Isles."

BATHING IN FRENCH CANADA: A scene typical of the delights of Gaspé Peninsula, where the old French culture of Quebec persists

THE CHARM OF GASPÉ

Canada's Unique Peninsula

Long before Jacques Cartier's first voyage to the New World in 1534, before the discovery of Quebec and Montreal, and the beginning of those sanguinary Indian wars which followed the first attempts by the white man to establish himself in North America, adventurous spirits from Greenland and Iceland had settled in that neck of land in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence known to-day as Gaspé Peninsula. For the most part they were fishermen, winning a rich harvest from the well-stocked waters of the gulf; some of them engaged in the fur trade; a few become farmers.

Only now are Canadians beginning to "discover" Gaspé and coming to know the charms of Percé and Matapedia, Bonaventure, and the quaint fishing villages which dot its coast. Even the names of the towns and rivers bespeak a glamorous past; they have a French flavour about them which suggests the origin of many of the 102,000 folk who inhabit these parts.

Many of them speak the purest French, the French that was introduced into Canada from Europe several centuries ago. Hitherto isolated from the more populous parts of Canada, they retain their mother tongue free from modernisms.

The Peninsula itself is like a huge finger pointing out into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. Its northern coast fronting on the river is rugged and formidable, with few harbours. Its southern shore is washed by the warm waters of the Baie des Chaleurs where Jacques Cartier cast anchor at the conclusion of his long voyage in the year 1534.

All along the imposing shore line of Gaspé fishing villages are found, for this is the main industry.

In the hollows and in the valleys of the northern and southern slopes nestle the colourful villages of these unspoiled people. Their habitations, for the most part two storeys high, are brightly coloured, the houses of pink and flaming red and green, yellow and blue, forming a patchwork quilt of colour against the green and yellow of the natural surroundings. This propensity for bright colours extends often to the less important parts of the domestic surroundings, and even the fence stakes, barns, stables, and chicken-coops are frequently embellished to fit in with the general colour scheme.

Various parts of the coast are noted for their rugged grandeur, and one of the scenic marvels is the giant rock at Percé, where the herring gull and the cormorant breed and have bred for hundreds of years.

The Peninsula is not only a paradise for those who seek the few remaining unspoilt parts of the world; it is, as well, of great economic importance to the Dominion. The deep-sea fishing is prosecuted in special boats with crews of from four to seven men, at a distance of twelve or fifteen miles from shore. During the month of September two men in the space of a few hours will take in 6,000 lb. of fish, and it is no uncommon thing from June to the middle of September for two men to take in as much as 600 cwt. of cod.

The forests of the Peninsula are also of considerable value, and it is estimated that there are to-day 70,000,000 cords of available timber of which 23,000,000 cords are suitable for pulp wood. The development of the water power resources of Gaspé is receiving careful attention, and 12,000 h.p. has already been harnessed from her rivers.

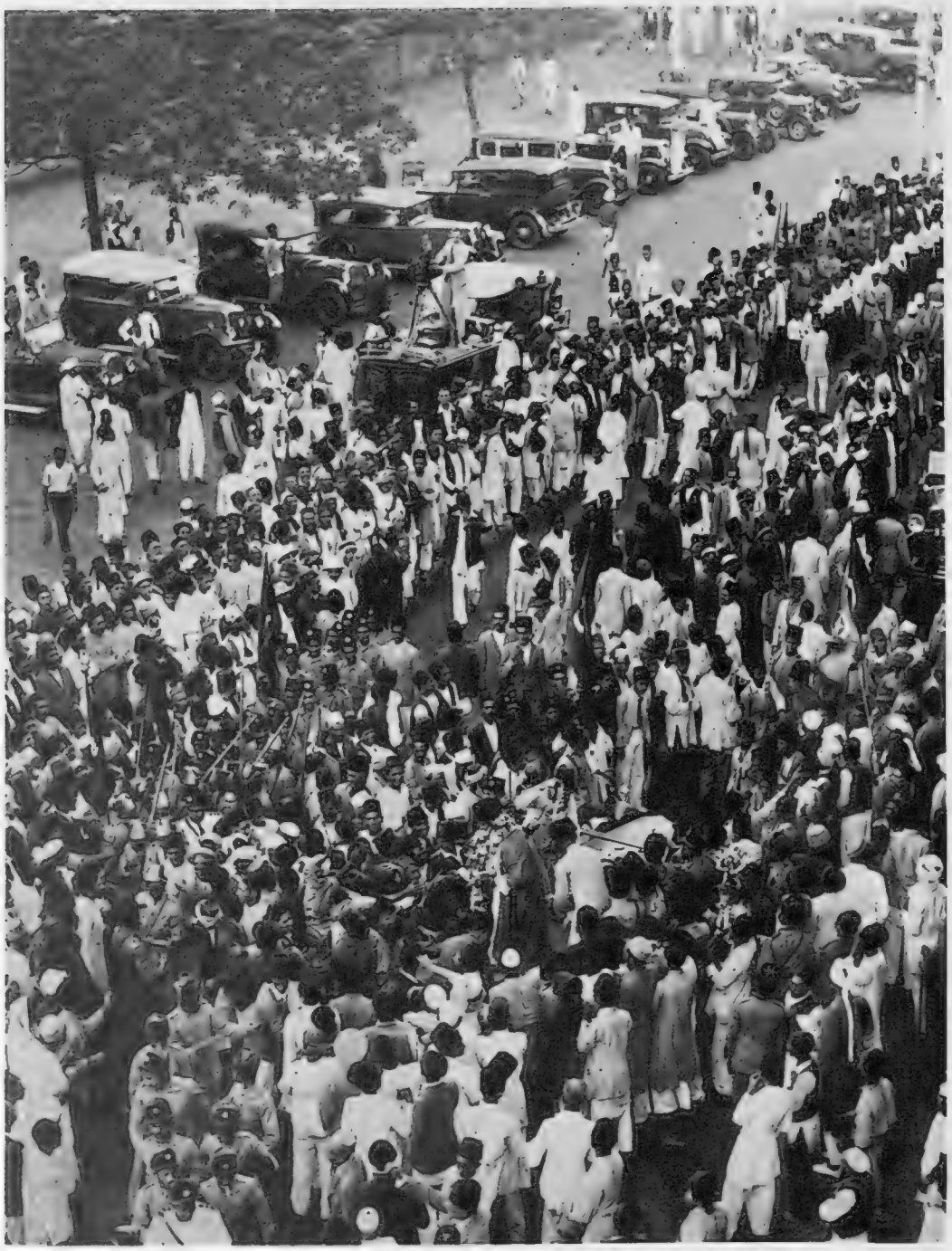
There remain her minerals, which as yet have received rather scant attention. Copper, lead, and zinc ores, iron and antimony are known to exist, and geologists are convinced from the nature of the geological formation that asbestos also will one day be mined here.

To-day this famous Peninsula is coming into its own. Owing to good railway facilities it is readily accessible to tourists and business men alike. In the summer its equable climate, its sandy beaches, and the pure fresh breezes straight from the broad Atlantic, its picturesque villages and green farmlands, its magnificent seascapes with their daily procession of giant liners and graceful fishing smacks, above all the hospitality of the people, are factors which together are beckoning to this part of old Quebec an ever-increasing volume of tourists every year.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, routes and fares to intending travellers. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 3d. in stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed THE SPHERE Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

PINNACLE ROCK, Isle Percé, Gaspé Peninsula, is a famous beauty spot

INDIA'S EXTIN



INADVERTENT AVERTERS OF A RIOT: The great crowds in Bombay which welcomed Dr. Ambedkar and Maulana Shaukat Ali damped the valour of the Congress volunteers who intended to organize a demonstration against the Lothian delegation. The Doctor has brought it home to the depressed classes that autonomy under Gandhi-ism will intensify—not ameliorate—their degradation

BONFIRES OF FOREIGN CLOTH were lit at dusk by Congress volu picture was taken at Kalbedevi, Bombay. Repeated *lathi* charges were admitted on that day. Troops were called out from Colaba opened by the police near the Bullion Exchange; eight shots

THE CHAMPION OF THE UNTOUCHABLES AND THE MUSLIMS, Shaukat coincidence, he and his co-worker for the Depressed Classes, Dr. other British delegates to the Round Table Conference travelled; that the heart of the Congress volunteers, who had

THE ARREST OF THE LEADER: A native constable arrests the leader of a Congress meeting under the eye—and upraised cane—of a white police officer. The firebrand is so typical of his class that, were it a film and not real life, his selection would be hailed as a triumph of casting!

BROKEN BANNERS: Police smash the emblems of Congress after smashing up a meeting at Choupatty, Sea Face, Bombay

THE UBIQUITY OF VANITY is apparent, for even Congress supporters carry Western handbags

The following amusing incident is reprinted verbatim from *The Morning Post*:—Reuter states that when Lord Lothian and his colleagues of the Round Table Committee reached the foot of the gangway, an Indian, dressed in a cotton suit and wearing a khaki topee, mistook a European quite unconnected with the committee for Lord Lothian. "Go

GUISHED BLAZE

teers during the Frontier Day celebrations in Bombay (January 29). This were made and Congress hospital reports stated that 200 casualties barracks and held in readiness, but were not called upon. Fire was were fired; one fatality and twenty-two casualties were reported

All, cheered vociferously by his supporters in Bombay. By a happy Ambedkar, were passengers on S.S. *Mooltan*, by which Lord Lothian and and so anti-Congress was the crowd that welcomed these two Indians assembled to demonstrate against Lord Lothian, failed

ARMED POLICE were on duty in Bombay to preserve order during the Frontier Day demonstrations on January 29—the date on which Lord Lothian and other British members of the Round Table Conference arrived by the P. and O. liner, S.S. *Mooltan*. The anti-British demonstration did not materialize owing to the crowds of depressed classes who turned out to welcome their champion, Dr. Ambedkar

A FAVOURITE DEVICE: A little child is made to hold up a forbidden flag—in this case a "Boycott Britain" banner

A VICTIM OF THE RIOTERS: A police Chowkie (Rest House) burned out by the mob

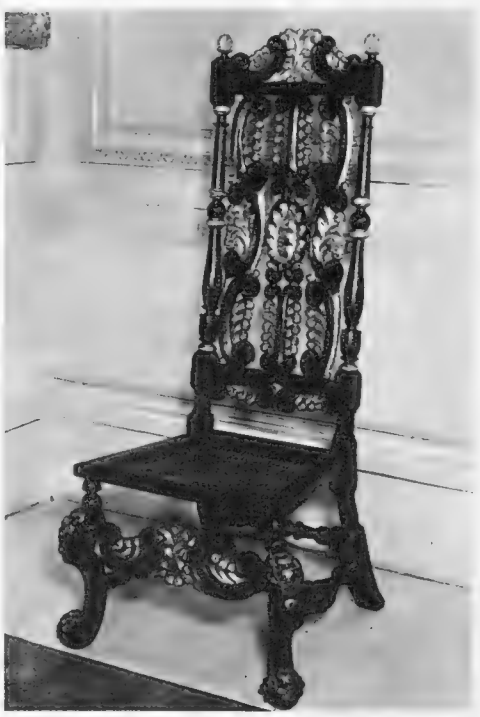
A WHITE AMBULANCE summoned after a small *lathi* charge during the breaking up of a procession on January 29. The Congress organization has its own ambulances. This entire double-page of pictures left Bombay on Jan. 30, was received in "The Sphere" Offices on February 11, and was processed by February 12

back, Lothian," he suddenly started shouting. "Up, up with the National flag; down, down with the Union Jack! Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai!" Waving his hands frantically, he then doffed his topee and dashed it at the European's feet, shouting "Now arrest me!" A police officer obliged.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VENETIAN in form but modern in execution, this walnut bureau is ornamented with floral sprays painted on the wood

IN CELLULOSE LACQUER: A semi-circular card-table on tubular metal legs. When opened the playing surface is cloth-lined

A FINE WALNUT ARM-CHAIR dating from about 1680. It has a caned seat and back panel, and the cresting is well carved



SILVER AND BLACK: This high-backed chair is executed in beech and is painted black with silver details

CAROLINE: A cane seat painted black and decorated in gold, silver, and colour. It has been lent to the Exhibition by Mr. Nigel Stopford Sackville

On left—EBONY AND SILVER: This table dates from about 1680. It is veneered with ebony and has spirally turned legs

MODERN COLOUR: CLASSIC FORM

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE PAINTING OF FURNITURE

Painting is at once the oldest and the newest method of decorating furniture, for the oldest Gothic chests in existence are believed to have been painted, when first made, with tempera; they must have been very bright, but the colour has long since perished or worn off.

At the opposite end of the scale much of the newest modern furniture is sprayed with cellulose lacquer. It is generally in bright tones of green, blue, red, orange, or yellow, sometimes contrasted with cream or black, and has a smooth, glossy finish. Sometimes, also, the lacquered surfaces are contrasted with legs or framework of tubular chromium plate or stainless steel.

Between these two extremes—Gothic tempera now non-existent and modern cellulose lacquer — there is another attractive class of furniture painted in imitation of seventeenth and eighteenth-century styles. There have been few periods in the history of furniture when choice pieces have not been enriched with painting, at least occasionally, and many present-day reproductions are extraordinarily skilful. Not only are the style of painting and the principal decorative *motifs* imitated faithfully; the painted surfaces are even given the appearance of age, first by judiciously toning down the colours and then by a special process which imparts to the surface a network of fine cracks. Furniture of this kind is in perfect harmony with Queen Anne or Georgian interior decoration and it is, of course, always possible for one or two pieces of painted furniture to be used effectively with ordinary polished and patinated walnut or mahogany. Compared with authenticated and high-grade antiques these modern reproductions of painted pieces are moreover, much less expensive.

Illustrated with this article is an elegant walnut bureau, which was copied from a Venetian model contemporary with our own Queen Anne period, and painted with floral sprays. Many decorative accessories, such as bellows, cut-out fire-screens, and lamp standards are also frequently painted in a style to harmonize with period rooms.

Anyone who is contemplating using painted furniture in a scheme of decoration will be well advised to pay a visit to the Furniture Rooms of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The examples range from quite small objects up to large painted bookcases. There is a particularly interesting suite from Garrick's villa. Time, of course, has given it an old ivory flavour. Other examples are to be seen at the Charles the Second Exhibition in Grosvenor Place. One example is reproduced here. A high-backed chair in beech has been painted black with certain details picked out in silver. These classic examples give every warranty for the use of paint upon furniture.

B. B.

PATRIOTIC: A jumper fashioned with a tight waist, a V neck, and wide lapels, in the colours of the Union Jack

IN VIRGIN WHITE: A fascinating Paris model, whose austerity is relieved solely by the soft flare and the diamanté pendant

IN NUT AND BLACK: A *toilette* in a nut-coloured woollen material set off, by way of strong contrast, by black collar and sleeves

THE MODES OF

FOR THE AFTERNOON: A chic coat in black with a black fur collar and cuffs. Note the cessation of the fur at the lapels

THE BACK VIEW of the frock whose front appears on the left. In contrast the back is executed with considerable elaboration

CRIMSON AND MAUVE form the colour scheme for this informal dinner frock. The dress itself is in mauve crêpe-de-chine over which the red velvet cape is set.

THE MOMENT

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE AGE OF WALNUT

A loan exhibition of the age of walnut is being arranged at Sir Philip Sassoon's house, 25, Park Lane. It opens next Tuesday, February 23. This is the fifth of the series of exhibitions under the same auspices in aid of the Royal Northern Group of Hospitals (which are the poorest in London), of which Sir Philip Sassoon is the honorary treasurer. The first was devoted to needlework, the second to silver, the third to conversation pictures, and the fourth to Georgian art, the last-named holding a very high place in the exhibitions of the year.

The exhibition, organized as in previous years by Mrs. David Gubbay and Sir Philip Sassoon, covers the period from the Restoration in 1660 until the end of the reign of Queen Anne in 1714, and includes pictures, furniture (walnut, lacquer, and gesso), silver, mirrors, glass, pottery, tapestry, needlework, jewellery, and other *objets d'art*.

Her Majesty the Queen heads the list of exhibitors, and among other owners who have lent valuable exhibits are a large number of the City Companies, the Bank of England, the Corporation of the City of London, the Duke of Portland, the Earl Spencer, Lord Lee of Fareham, Captain Osbert Sitwell, Sir Harold Wernher, Sir John Noble, Lord Brownlow, Sir Gomer Berry, Captain Colville, Lord Camrose, Mr. Leonard Gow, the London Museum, Mr. Wilfred Buckley, Mrs. Freeman Roper, Sir John Prestige, and many others. A large number of the exhibits come from Mrs. David Gubbay's collection of furniture of this period, which is probably unrivalled.

The present exhibition includes all branches of art, the renaissance of which began with the Restoration of Charles II, and which reached so high a standard during the succeeding reigns.

The furniture shown is of walnut, lacquer, and gesso—the walnut pieces in many cases being richly inlaid with variegated woods and ivory, the lacquer pieces being very fine specimens in red and black and gold, and the gesso richly carved. There is a number of settees and chairs with their original needlework covers.

One of the outstanding features of the exhibition is the display of mirrors. So many fine examples of the magnificent mirrors of this period have never been seen together before. No student or lover of the art of this period can afford to miss seeing such a remarkable collection.

Among the pictures are fine specimens of the work of Lely, Kneller, Jannsen, and other foreign artists who settled in England. Of the strictly English school are works from the brush of Mary Beale, Dobson, Joseph Michael Wright, Jonathan Richardson, etc.

THE PURIFOY PORRINGER: This porringer is a splendid example of porringer or posset cup in embossed silver with two handles. The arms of the Carpenters Company are on one side and, on the other, those of the donor, Mary Purifoy. Circa 1660

THE FIRST PINEAPPLE GROWN IN ENGLAND presented to King Charles II. Despite the dogs which are associated with that King, certain connoisseurs believe the picture shows William III—a great patron of gardening! The lack of moustache supports this view, as does the Hampton Court setting

THE SEYMOUR SALT: This fine example of a salt comes from the Goldsmiths Company. The lower part is of crystal and the cover supports four eagles on as many globes

On left—A CHARLES II STAFF-HEAD: This silver staff-head, mounted on ebony, was carried by an officer of the Coachmakers Company

THE BEAUTY OF YESTERYEAR

CRUFTS: THE

THE RING: One of the enclosures wherein the aristocrats of the dog world appear. Crufts is almost as much a gathering of the human Burke and Debrett as of the canine *haut ton*, for many social celebrities exhibit or watch

FROM THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER: Mrs. K. Conn's *Ghanda*, an Afghan of distinction, who finds the English climate on the cold side and therefore affects a *surtout* in grey overcheck

A PRIZEWINNER: Mrs. M. Wood's *Badshah of Ainsdart*, which carried off two firsts and was awarded a championship. Afghans are increasing in popularity

A PAIR OF COLLIES: *Raiph of Aidbar* and *Balnacake Pride*, two magnificent specimens of the rough variety, bred by Mr. G. Findlay. It is to dogs with a strong collie strain (and an admixture of other breeds) that the shepherds turn for their comrades

NOT A BLOODHOUND: Major G. Heseltine's basset hound, *Walhampton Nightshade*. The name derives from the French "*bas*" and refers to its shortness of leg

BULL MASTIFFS: A notable trio owned by the Marquess of Londonderry. They are *Jeanie of Wynward*, who took a second and a third; *Fruach of Ranald*, who also won a second and a third; and *Simba* who took two firsts, a championship, a special, and was voted best of sex in breed

CANINE COURT

A MASTIFF OF NOTE: *Cleveland Ponorogo,* shown by Mr. B. Bennett, which took three firsts, and a championship. Mastiffs are not over-popular owing to the cost of maintenance

THE INTERNATIONAL CLASS: A mixed bag, in which a Samoyed, a Dalmatian, a chow, and a collie can be distinguished. These mixed classes are, to the neophyte, more amusing than a procession of (seemingly) identical specimens

A ROYAL ENTRANT: *Sandringham Spark* by Sandringham Sport out of Sandringham Speck. This superb clumber spaniel was bred and shown by the King. He is just over 3½ years old, having been born on July 12, 1928

BEST OF HER BREED: *Coombehurst Jessie,* a curly retriever shown and bred by Mr. H. Stacey, which took three firsts, a championship, and also a "best of breed"

THE CLEVEREST OF DOGS: Miss G. Weall's *Phidgity Belle,* a poodle of note. The breed is known as the most easy to teach both complex and simple tricks

EXTREMES MEET! The smallest dog exhibited, Mr. A. Thompson's King Charles spaniel, *Ch. Farnley Peer Gynt,* which collected two firsts, a championship, and a best of breed, meets Mr. B. Bennett's *Beau Geste of Weirdwood,* which was awarded one second, two thirds, and in brace prizes

EYES OF ENVY: Mrs. Caulfield Smith is envied by her Pekingese while she enjoys a snack between events at Crufts

THE MYSTERY OF SCYTHE-MAKING

THE GLAZING SHOP: Here the last process in the manufacture of a scythe is carried out—the grinding, polishing, and oiling of the blade ready for despatch. A small Worcestershire stream provides the motive power for the manufacture of the majority of hand-made scythes, and they are sent there from all over the world. The finest scythes in the world all derive from England

A VETERAN: Mr. Arthur Moore, who is noted as a skilled scythe-smith. He has worked for sixty years in the same forge

THE WATER-WHEEL that has been driving the tilt-hammers of the scythe-smithies for ages past

EMBLEMS OF FATHER TIME: The variety of blades is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the industry. The Irishman, for example, uses a totally different type of blade from that employed in Cornwall, or in Norfolk. Patterns vary in length, in curvature, some of them having a pronounced hook. Others are exported abroad

HEREDITARY: Mr. Walter Coley, who has worked in this ancestral forge for thirty years with his son

GRINDERS AT WORK: They are seated on their "wooden horses." It will be seen from this picture that, by means of this arrangement, the entire weight of the body is used to bring pressure on the scythe against the stone. The grindstone is flooded continually with clean water to remove the "swarf"

THE SECOND STAGE: Forging out a blade under the tilt-hammer. The newly-welded strips of metal are welded and receive a preliminary shaping

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

PLATING: Mr. Moore, who at the age of seventy is still a crack scythe-smith, puts a blade through the process of "plating," i.e., flattening out

About a dozen miles from Birmingham, where, when times are normal, dynamos of thousands of horse-power are driving machines which churn out their products by the gross or million, there flows a stream whose power turns mill-wheels of another age. These wheels do not hurry; they generate, perhaps, 10 h.p., and they work the tilt hammers which beat scythes into shape just as they have been doing for centuries past.

Business is bad now, and the city's dynamos are "revving" more slowly; in some cases they are stopped altogether; but the stream goes on and scythes are still being hammered in spite of economic depressions and the mechanical reaper. There are jobs the reaper will not do: the scythe clears a way for it when starting a cornfield, for example.

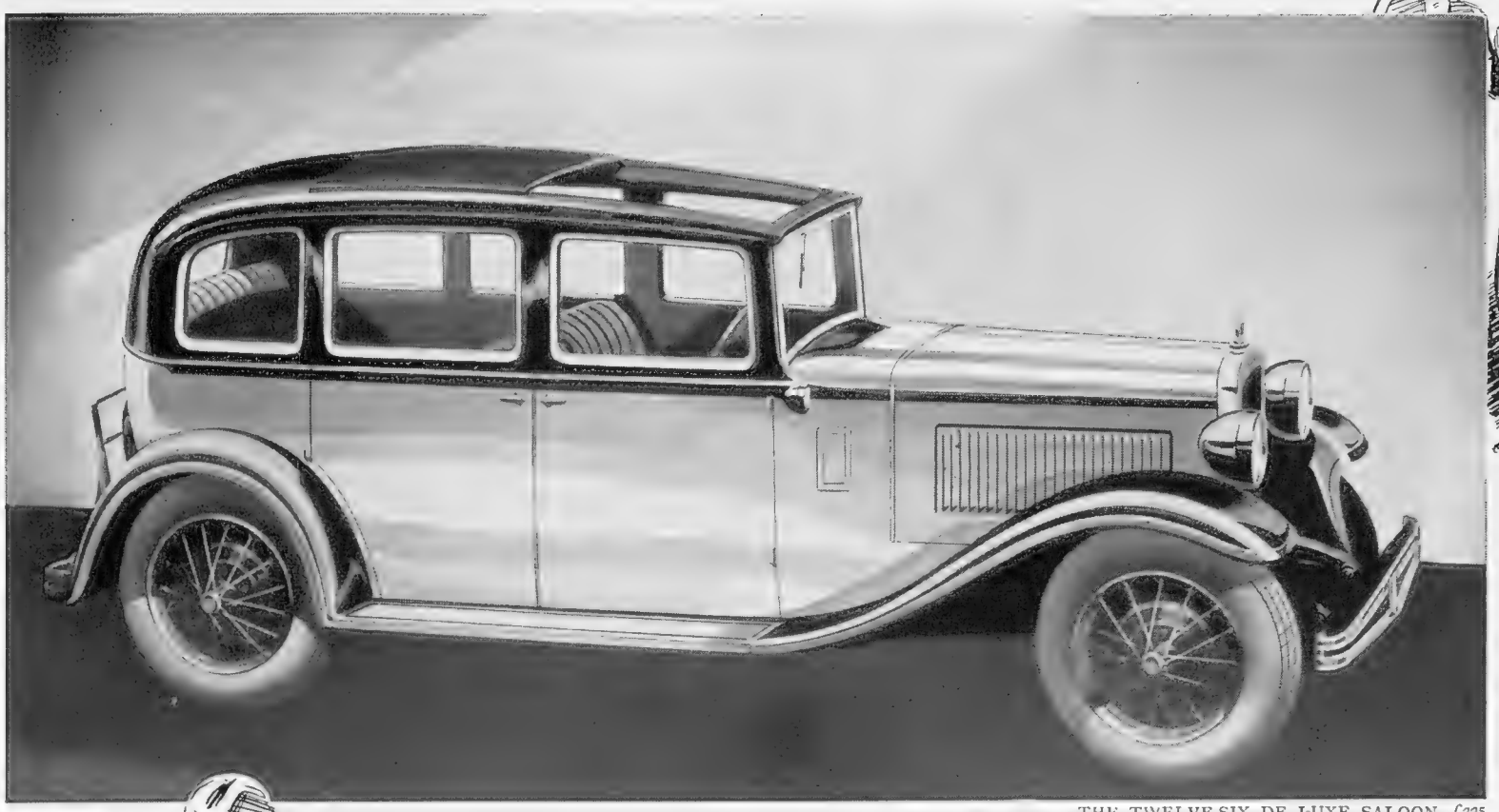
Scythe-making, like other old industries, runs in families. Those deft touches of craftsmanship which are handed down from father to son, and in time called secrets or tricks of the trade, have kept it within a small circle. One particular forge is now worked by the Coleys, father and son; and it has an authoritative and authenticated history of use by two previous generations of the family. Scythe-smiths continue working for a long time, as witness Mr. Moore, who, now over seventy, is still a champion smith, and has worked in the same forge for nearly sixty years. The mills are quite small, some being worked by only one smith and his mate. Nowadays, the finished article is not completed in one mill. Each man specializes in one process and then sends his work on to another.

The first operation is to forge together two strips of soft iron with a piece of highly tempered steel in the centre, and then hammer them into one flat piece. This produces a hard but brittle core which provides a sharp cutting edge protected on each side by the iron. This is then flattened out or "plated," making a thin hollow blade with a wide rib at the back. Next it is pointed and the "hook" introduced into the blade. After tempering it is "set," and any slight irregularities of form beaten out in the cold state. Finally it is ground, polished, and oiled ready for despatch.

An interesting point is the existence of local fashions in scythes. Countries and counties insist on their own particular model, and it is by catering for these many fancies that the little village of Belbroughton, Worcestershire, has become the metropolis of the industry and exports its wares to most parts of the world.

Machine-made or "patent" scythes are made, but their life is so short that the hand-made ones prove cheaper and so maintain their demand—a striking commentary upon mass production.

A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N



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IN JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S CITY TO-DAY

(Continued from p. 259)

They are also taught traffic regulation, but, *pace* Inspector McWalter, I do not think that this section of their training can be very helpful judging by Birmingham itself. I have never seen such a city for traffic jams and unattended motor-cars. The policemen on point duty in their white capes and white helmets look very impressive. But one gets held up at every turn. It is, I suppose, a tribute to the efficiency of the police that fewer unattended cars are stolen. And, indeed, the police are distinctly efficient. It is not so long ago that Birmingham had a very unsavoury reputation for lawlessness. You remember the Birmingham gang? I do. They threatened me once, at the same time as the Sabini gang, which is also extinguished to all intents and purposes.

But what of the city itself? That is easily answered. The central part of it is like the Strand multiplied several times and cut on a slant, with cheap advertisement placards in the windows. The rest of it is like the Pentonville Road. Mean streets, small two-storeyed houses, low ugly brick factories, tramlines, a prison—the likeness is complete.

There are exceptions, of course. Edgbaston, the Mayfair of Birmingham, is a charming place and within a mile of the centre of the city. It would, too, be very unfair to Birmingham if I did not call attention to the existence of its three thousand acres of parks and recreation grounds. Still, Birmingham covers an area of more than fifty-thousand acres—more than Liverpool and Manchester combined—so it is easy to spend some days in the city without seeing them.

As to the so-called "amenities of life," Birmingham rejoices in an art gallery, a natural history museum, and several public libraries. I was also able to order some very excellent asparagus in the restaurant of my hotel, despite the time of year.

The odd thing is, though, that I am finding it increasingly difficult to know where to stop this article. Don't tell me that Birmingham has started to grow on me already. But casting my mind back over the last three days, I recall fresh and charming contacts every minute. It may be luncheon at the Hope and Anchor, or a visit to the Birmingham Stock Exchange—where the members were courteous enough to refrain from throwing paper balls at me despite the fact that I was a trespasser—or my first view of the Bull Ring. Each was a delightful experience.

All I can do, in summing up this vast city, is to say what a pity it is that the inhabitants of other towns do not work so hard, nor show such a spirit of town loyalty.

THE SUBMERGED TENTH

(Continued from p. 255)

shilling and a few coppers left. He wanted more money than that in order to buy material for his wire toys, so he enlisted the aid of a fellow-dosser, bought up a job lot of little pay envelopes for a shilling, begged some sawdust, purchased a few penn'orth of red dye which was used on the sawdust which was then packed in the envelope and peddled to the Jewish residents of Whitechapel at a penny a time as an infallible rat-killing powder.

The money simply rolled in. It was on a Sunday and my old friend decided that, after public-houses closed and the market stalls still shut down, he would disappear with his profits. It was well for him that he did so, for the squads of angry Whitechapelese visited the various "kip-houses" demanding the blood of the rat poisoner.

There is one bond that unites all dossers, a bitter hate of the police, a hate that I have met nowhere else in London, not even among the West End "mobs."

Most of the denizens of the "kip-shops" are genuinely patriotic, but they dearly love a political argument and denouncing whatever Government may be in power. You will find no man among them who shirked military or naval service during the War except the professional beggars, which is another reason for these individuals being despised. Occasionally, a Communist adherent or organizer tries to whip discontented spirits into a blaze but he invariably departs under a shower of good-tempered banter and hoots.

Sturdy folk, most of these dossers, proud, begging for nothing, afraid of little, and English to the core. "Dickensian" I have already said; what I should have written is "Elizabethan."

PLAYS—*(Continued from p. 265)*

true ring about it. But on the whole the experiment is not successful and there are too many words, words, words.

Punchinello should have been rather more full-blooded than Mr. Robert Farquharson, an artist in the bizarre, made him. Mr. Farquharson was sprightly enough, but in the wrong way, which was not wholly his fault for the part was quite unsuited to him. Miss Laura Cowie, superbly Spanish, hit the right note and was excellent. Miss Celia Johnson as Judy did not seem to hit any note at all except one of modernity. That clever old Bensonian, Mr. H. O. Nicholson, was exactly in the picture as an ancient mummer.

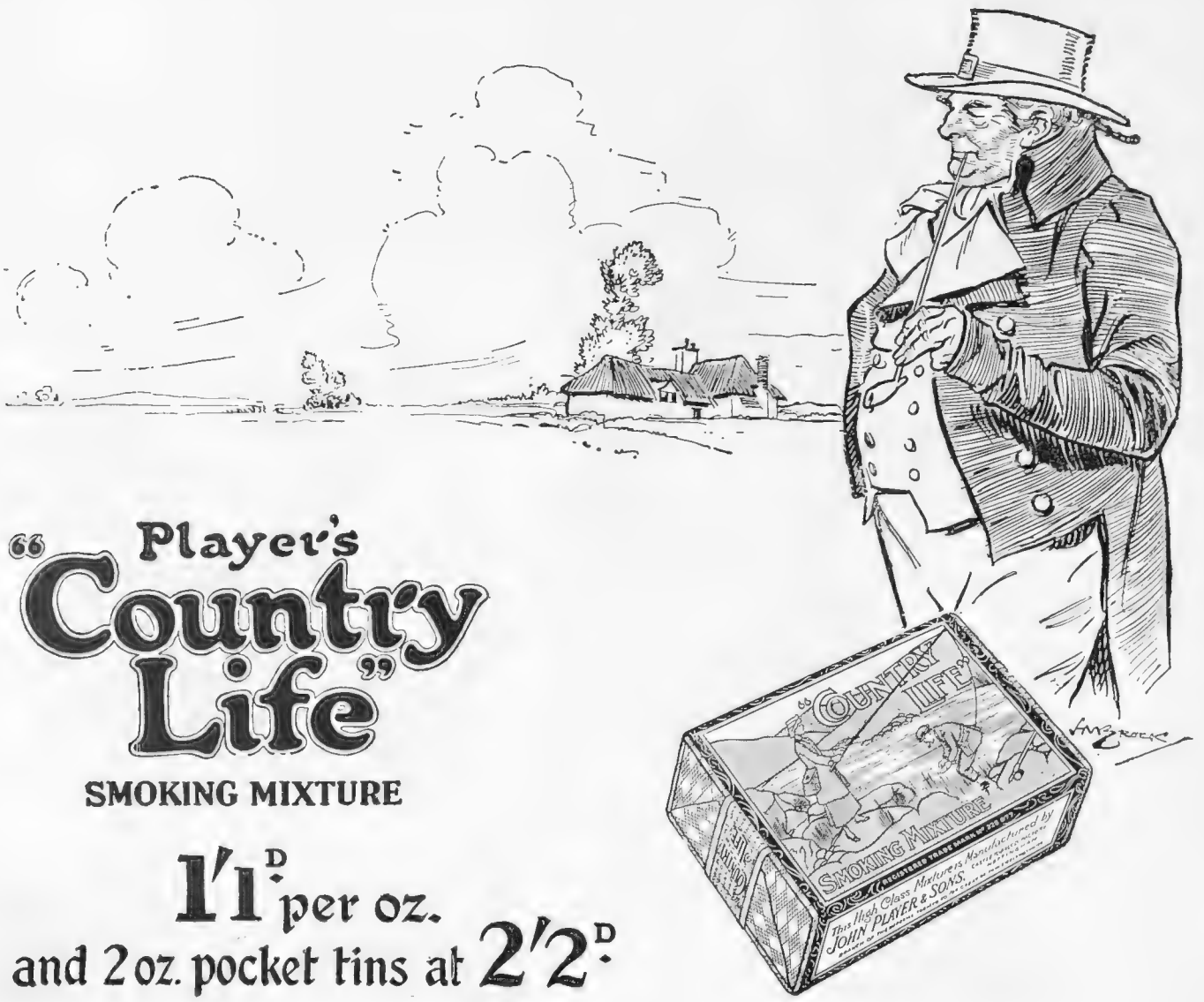
BOOKS

(Continued from p. 264)

The title of Miss Barbara Rich's novel *No Decency Left* (Cape. 7s. 6d.), suggests a companion book to Mr. Huxley's theme. A rather terrifying young lady wakes up on her twenty-first birthday, and proceeds to go through life at a breathless pace, like the Villalonga autogiro through which things take minutes instead of months to happen. This incredible racing film of Barbara's life produces bewilderment, and when I closed the book, like Barbara I was not quite sure where I was. I shall have to read it again, and I feel it is worth reading again. There are enough fantastic ideas in this book to provide a dozen novelists with a dozen novels each.

It is quite time that Joseph Roth's masterpiece of Jewish life, *Job* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), was available in a good translation. It is the story of a simple man whose trust is in God, a Job brought up-to-date whose life begins in poverty in the Russian Ghetto and after endless calamity, the death of two sons, the loss of his hard wife, the looseness of his daughter, ends in New York. As Job, he triumphs after trial with something very like a miracle. The writing is of the simplest, but the strength of the narrative is superb. I cannot forget my first encounter with this work in the German, and it triumphantly survives translation.

It is difficult to know what to say of *Fire-Eater* by Captain Pollard, V.C. (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) It is a naïve narrative of a man born to fight, who enjoyed killing, who never for a moment visualized the situation of the other fellow. One reads this book in vain for the dimmest comprehension in its author's mind that war is organized slaughter, a suspension of reason. A lion in courage, a babe in mentality, with what gusto he went into the slaughter! The Huns. They were never, it would seem, human beings, with hopes and fears and sorrows akin to his own. "War is as ennobling to the actual combatants as it is degrading to the idle onlooker," says General J. E. B. Seely, in a preface. If one can accept that astonishing dictum one can accept the regrettable mentality pervading this book, one can understand Captain Pollard's self-confessed hooliganism at Duren, his admiration of the A.P.M. at Cologne. The sad thing is that Captain Pollard, *au fond*, his tireless courage apart, has a beautiful simplicity of nature. He emerges from this book a big child, blissfully unaware of the other side of a terrible picture.



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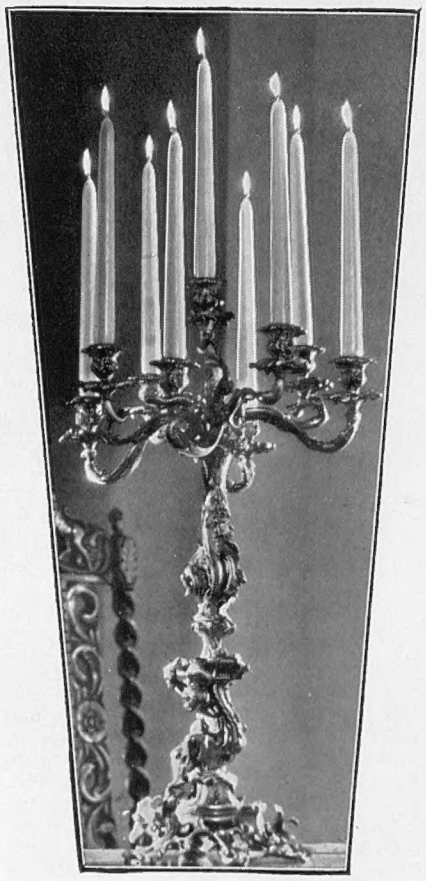

FOR DECORATION

FOR THE DINING TABLE

No light is so pleasing as "Nell Gwynn" Candlelight and the candles themselves are lovely, both in shape and colour, adding charm to any decorative scheme.

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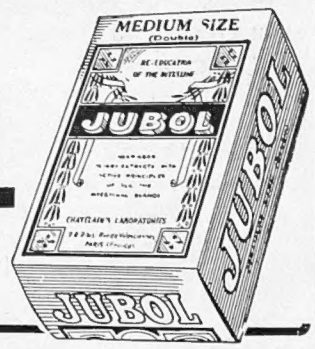

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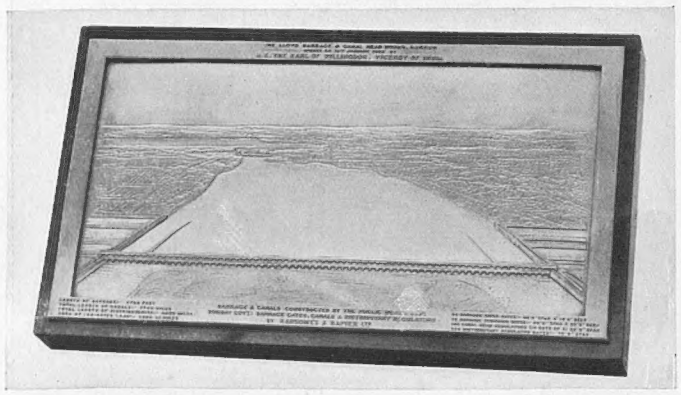


AN UNUSUAL PRESENTATION: The gold plaque, reproducing the Sukkur Barrage, presented to the Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, by Messrs. Ransomes and Rapier, Ltd., of Ipswich, the constructors of the sluice gate and canal regulators of the great work. It was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of Regent Street

NOTES and NEWS

THE FREEMASONS' HOSPITAL

It is expected that the new Freemasons' Hospital will be ready about the beginning of 1933, where freemasons and their families from all parts of the Empire can receive medical and surgical attention. It is hoped that His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught will be able to lay the foundation stone at Olympia on May 19th. Lord Wakefield is chairman of the board. The hospital provides accommodation for approximately 180 beds and is capable of extension to an even larger number. The hospital has been designed on the most modern lines to provide the maximum amount of light and air. The ringing of bells and all other mechanical noises will be eliminated and new methods of signalling installed. All roofs to the buildings are flat and will provide accommodation for roof gardens.

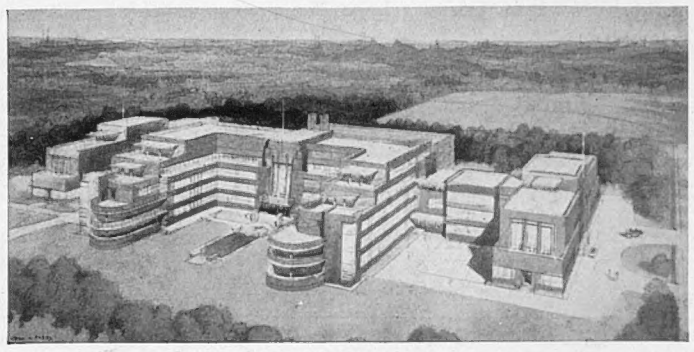
OXADE COCOA TABLETS

The nourishing properties of cocoa are so well-known that as a food beverage it is a prime favourite, and it is now presented in tablet form ready for immediate use, sugar and milk being included, at 1d. for two breakfast cups. The new Oxade Cocoa Tablets are in line with the present need of economy. A penny packet makes two cups of cocoa, and a man can carry it in his pocket; a lady in her handbag. A great feature of this cocoa is that no milk or sugar is required, so that it can be made wherever boiling water is available.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship not only maintain and educate their 1,100 children, but also train them for that walk in life for which they show most aptitude. The funds for this great work need continuous replenishing. Do not forget that it is the children that matter, for they are the coming generation. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

THE MAHARAJA OF RAJPIPLA, K.C.S.I., presented this silver model of himself to his brother officers of the 16th Light Cavalry in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the raising of the regiment. The model was designed and executed by Mappin and Webb, Ltd.



THE FREEMASONS' HOSPITAL AND NURSING HOME which is being erected at Ravenscourt Park to the designs of Sir John Burnet, Tait and Lorne, by Messrs. John Mowlem and Co. at a cost of £260,000

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter.

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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Works Wonders in the Care of Your Hair

MASSAGE the scalp with the **Ointment** to remove the dandruff. Then shampoo with **Cuticura Soap** to cleanse the hair and restore its natural gloss and vigor.

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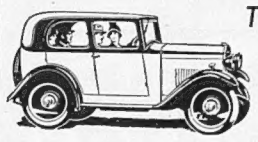

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Aberystwyth - Hotel Victoria
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Alton - - Swan Hotel
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Aylesbury - - Crown Hotel
Banbury - - White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales) Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down) - Royal Hotel
Barmouth - - Marine Hotel
Barnstaple - - New Inn Hotel, Muddiford
Barrow-in-Furness Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath - - - Bath Spa Hotel
Do. - - - Grand Pump Room Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed - Waterloo Hotel
Blackpool - - Empire Private Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Blairgowrie - - Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Bournemouth - The Alexandra Hotel
Do. - Bancroft Hotel
Do. - Branksome Tower Hotel
Do. - Haddon Hall Private Hotel
Do. - The Haven Hotel
Do. - The Imperial Hotel
Do. - Marina House Private Hotel
Do. - Osborne Priory Hotel
Box Hill - - Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon Old Court Hotel
Bray (Co. Wicklow) Bray Head Hotel
Bridge of Allan - Allan Water Hotel
Bridlington - - Hotel Britannia
Bridport - - Bridport Arms Hotel
Brighton - - Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do. - - Hollywood Hotel
Do. - - The King's Hotel
Do. - - Katte Hotel
Broadway - - Lygon Arms Hotel
Brockenhurst - Brockenhurst Hotel
Bromley Hill - Bromley Hall Court Hotel
Brora - - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton Rosemullion Hotel
Bundoran (Co. Donegal) - The Hamilton Hotel
Bury St. Edmunds Angel Hotel
Do. Three Kings Hotel
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Buttermere - - Victoria Hotel
Buxton - - - The Old Hall Hotel
Callander - - Dreadnought Hotel
Do. - - Palace Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal) - - The Rosa-Penna Hotel
Chagford - - Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar - - Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham - - Ellenborough Hotel
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Do. - - Pyatt's Hotel
Chepstow - - Beaufort Arms Hotel
Chester - - - Queen's Hotel
Clacton-on-Sea - The Kingsley Hotel
Cliftonville - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Kingscliffe Hotel
Do. - - Northdown Hall Hotel
Cork - - - Imperial Hotel
Criccieth - - Caerwylan Private Hotel
Cromer - - - The Grand Hotel
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Dalkey (Co. Dublin) - Cliff Castle Hotel
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Derby - - - Friary Hotel
Do. - - - Midland Hotel
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Dornoch - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa - Raven Hotel
Dublin - - - Shelbourne Hotel
Do. - - - Wynn's Hotel
Dumfries - - County Hotel
Dundee - - - Royal British Hotel
Dunkeld - - Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin) - Ross's Hotel
Do. - Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne - - Albion Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - The Chatsworth Hotel
Do. - - York House Hotel
Edinburgh - - Barnton Hotel, Cramond Bridge
Do. - - Caledonian Hotel
Do. - - Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do. - - Grosvenor Hotel
Do. - - Roxburghe Hotel
Do. - - Royal British Hotel
Exeter - - - New London Hotel
Do. - - - Royal Clarence Hotel
Falmouth - - Falmouth Hotel
Do. - - Greenbank Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Folkestone - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Fort William - Imperial Hotel
Do. - - The Palace Hotel
Fowey - - - Fowey Hotel
Fowey - - - Riverside Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow - - Central Hotel
Do. - - St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles - - Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork) Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester - - New Inn Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Goathland - - The Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea The Pier Hotel
Grantown-on-Spey Grant Arms Hotel
Greenock - - Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern - Hardwicke Hotel
Guernsey - - Richmond Hotel
Guildford - - Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane - - - Marine Hotel
Halifax - - - White Swan Hotel
Harrogate - - Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do. - - Crown Hotel
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Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Majestic Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
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Hull - - - White House Hotel
Hythe - - - Sutherland House Hotel
Inverness - - Station Hotel
Keswick - - Barrow House Hotel
Do. - - County Hotel
Do. - - Keswick Hotel
Do. - - The Borrowdale Hotel
Do. - - Royal Oak Hotel
Do. - - Skiddaw Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
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Leeds - - - Queen's Hotel
Liverpool - - Adelphi Hotel
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Llandudno - - Empire Hotel
Do. - - Ormscliffe Hotel
Do. - - The Towers Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire Loch Awe Hotel
London - - - Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
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Do. - - - Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
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Do. - - - Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, S.W.
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Lynmouth - - Tors Hotel
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Maidenhead - - Skindles Hotel
Do. - Dumb Bell Hotel
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Manchester - - Midland Hotel
Matlock - - The Lilybanks Hydro Hotel
Melrose - - Abbey Hotel
Milford-on-Sea - Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead - - Kingsway Private Hotel
Morecambe - - Elms Hotel
Morehampstead - Manor House Hotel
Nairn - - - Royal Marine Hotel
Newquay - - Atlantic Hotel
Do. - - Headland Hotel
Do. - - St. Rumon's Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Victoria
Northampton - Stag's Head Hotel
North Berwick - Marine Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Nottingham - - The County Hotel
Do. - - The George Hotel
Oban - - - Great Western Hotel
Oughterard (Co. Galway) - Corrib Hotel
Oxford - - - Randolph Hotel
Paignton - - Paignton Palace Hotel
Do. - - Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr - Grand Hotel
Perth - - - Station Hotel
Plymouth Hoe - Hoe Mansion Hotel
Do. - Osborne Pension
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Ripon - - - Unicorn Hotel
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Ross-on-Wye - Ross Royal Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Cork) - Rostrevor Hotel
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St. Andrews - - Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea Grand Hotel
St. Ives - - - Chy An Albany Hotel
Do. - - - Tregenna Castle Hotel
Do. - - - York House Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea - Alexandra Hotel
Do. Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots - - Bridge Hotel
Do. - - New Inn Hotel
Salisbury - - Old George Hotel
Do. - - The White Hart Hotel
Scarborough - The Grosvenor Hotel
Do. The Manor Private Hotel
Do. Pavilion Hotel
Do. - Red Lea Hotel
Seaton - - - The Royal Clarence Hotel
Shanklin - - Channel View Hotel
Sheffield - - Albany Hotel
Do. - - Angel Hotel
Sidmouth - - Belmont Hotel
Do. - - Fortfield Hotel
Do. - - Torbay View Hotel
Do. - - Victoria Hotel
Do. - - Westcliff Hall Hotel
Southport - - Prince of Wales Hotel
Southsea - - Gladstone Hotel
Do. - - Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold - - The Swan Hotel
Staines - - - Pack Horse Hotel
Stonehaven - - Royal Hotel
Stranraer - - King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon Arden Hotel
Do. - Red Horse Hotel
Stroud - - - The Bear Inn
Swanage - - Craigside Hotel
Tankerton - - Marine Hotel
Taunton - - Castle Hotel
Teignmouth - - Beach Hotel
Do. - - Dunmore Hotel, Shaldon
Do. - - Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe - Templecombe House Hotel
Thurlestone - - (S. Devon) Rock House Private Hotel
Do. - - Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern - - - Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay - - Allerdale Hotel
Do. - - Astwell Hall Hotel
Do. - - Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Haldon Manor Hotel
Do. - - Hennapyn Private Hotel
Do. - - Links Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do. - - Osborne Hotel
Do. - - Palace Hotel
Do. - - Palm Court Hotel
Do. - - Roslin Hall Hotel
Do. - - The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do. - - Victoria and Albert Hotel
Troon - - - Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells - Earl's Court Hotel
Do. - Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ventnor - - Royal Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel
Warwick - - Lord Leycester Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea - Westcliff Hotel
West Malvern - Westminster Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare - Royal Pier Hotel
Do. Royal Hotel
Weymouth - - Hotel Burdon
Whitley Bay - Waverley Hotel
Windermere - - Belsfield Hotel
Do. - - Old England Lake Hotel
Woking - - - Heathside Hotel
Woolacombe - Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing - - Steyne Hotel

POINT-TO-POINT RACES

Committees desirous of obtaining for coming meetings, prizes which will not only avoid the conventional and stereotyped, but will be certain of finding favour with the winners, should request particulars from The Sporting Gallery of the Lionel Edwards clocks, Ivester Lloyd bronzes, and numerous exclusive sporting "gadgets" in which it specialises.

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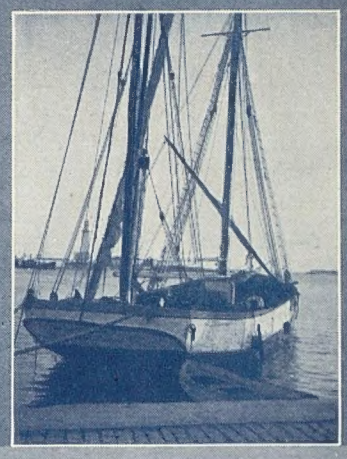
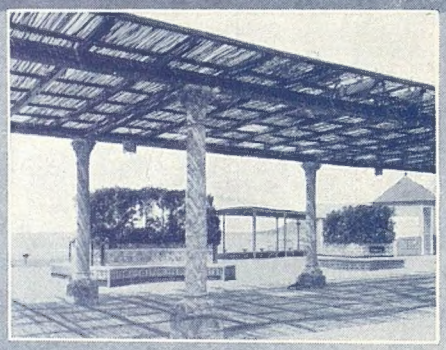
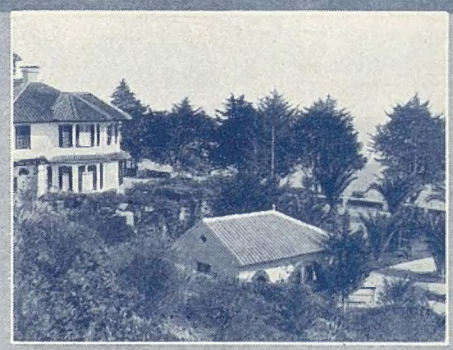
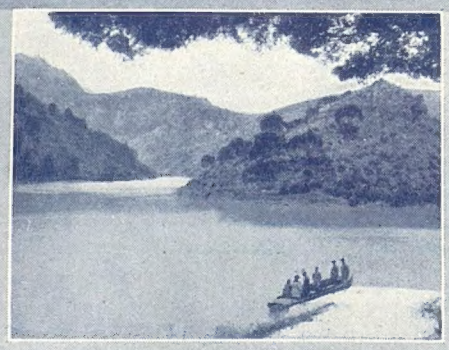


Come to Málaga
Spain



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